

Chatelaine

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

AUGUST, 1944

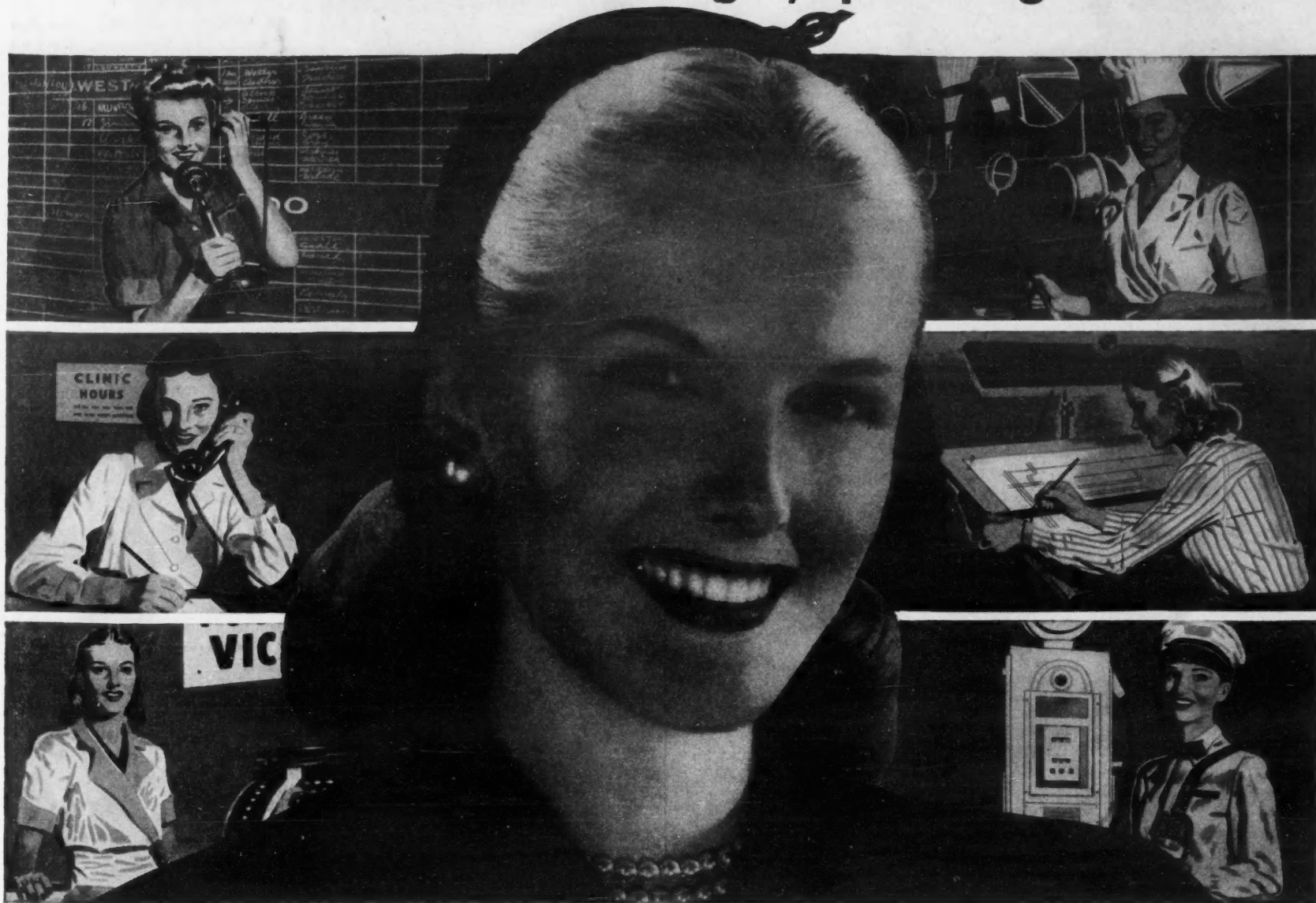
STILL ONLY TEN CENTS



IN THIS ISSUE: *All Isn't Fair In Love and War* BY ANDRÉ MAURIOIS

After Hours—

win romance with a bright, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are healthier. Guard against "pink tooth brush" — use Ipana and massage.

THERE'S A VICTORY to win—and you're working hard! But after hours, you're *you*—with your girl's heart and time for romance. So wear your feminine frills and furbelows. Yes, and call on the most fetching charm of all—a radiant smile!

Remember you don't need beauty to win happiness and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. And even the plainest girl—with a sparkling, attractive smile—can turn heads and win hearts!

So make your smile gay and radiant—a smile that is the real, lovely, unforgettable **YOU**

And remember, healthy gums are important if you want to have a bright, sparkling smile.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", *see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—

helping them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile.



*A Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada*

Start today **WITH Ipana AND massage**

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU IN A VITAL JOB!

Women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check your Help Wanted ads. Or see your local National Selective Service Office.

Back the Invasion

JOIN THE C.W.A.C.

Not since the historic and gallant days of Madeleine de Vercheres have Canadian women been offered such opportunity to serve their country. Now, they may stand "shoulder to shoulder" with their fathers, husbands and brothers. Thousands of Canadian girls are, today, facing the facts. Thousands are meeting the realism of war in the same gallant manner as did our world famous Canadian heroine. Women can and must relieve "A" men for front line duty—Women of Canada your Country calls you and needs you—Back the Invasion—

For further information apply to your nearest Recruiting Office.
This does not in any way obligate you to enlist.

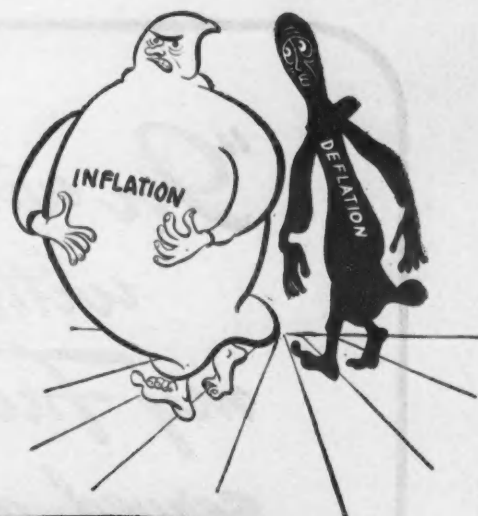
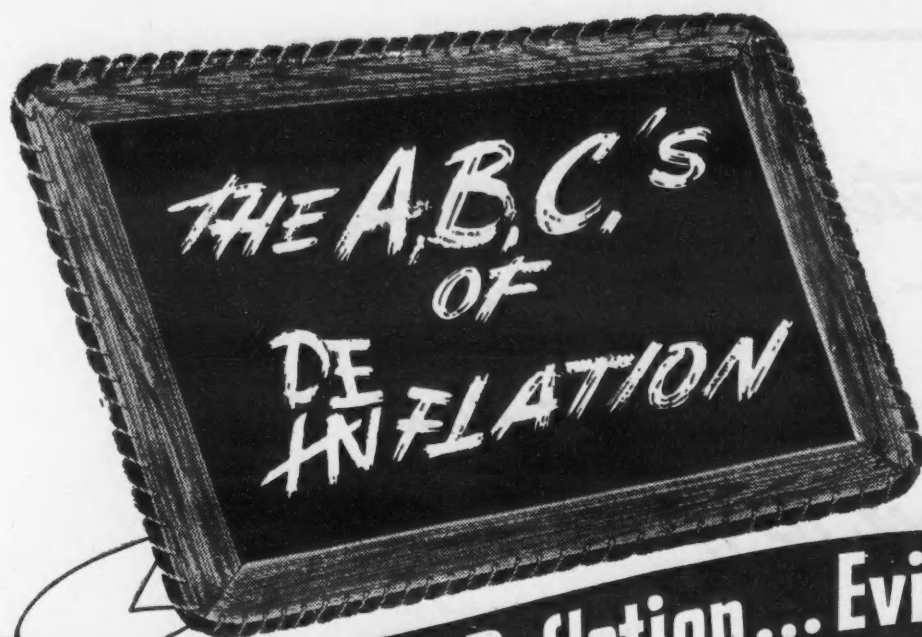
Get your copy of the new CWAC Digest.
Write Captain Helen Rankin—Aylmer Annex, Ottawa.



THIS IS OUR BATTLE TOO!



CANADIAN WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS



Inflation and Deflation... Evil Companions



Past wars have always brought some degree of inflation.



Goods were scarce...Prices and wages sky rocketted to unnatural heights.



Then one day the war stopped . . .



in due time goods became plentiful again



Scarcity prices could no longer be demanded



and "spiralling" prices went "pop"



and came down with a bang



people stopped buying because they thought prices would go still lower



merchandise dropped in value—retailers went bankrupt



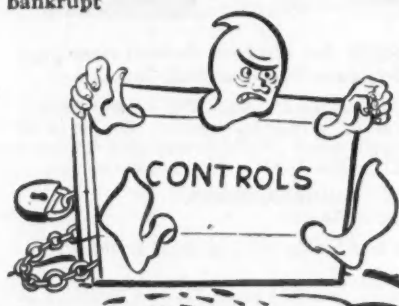
factories closed and unemployment followed



farms were foreclosed



distress was general and deflation was in the saddle.



That is why in this war prices are controlled—so that they will not ruin buyers in a rise or sellers in a slump.



Price ceilings—wage and salary controls—rationing—Victory Bonds—increased taxation—are all part of a grand strategy to head off Inflation—thus preventing Deflation.

PREVENTION OF INFLATION IS THE BEST PROTECTION AGAINST DEFLATION

LISTEN TO "IN THE SPOTLIGHT" RADIO PROGRAMME
EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT 7.30 p.m., E. D. T.

This advertisement is one of a series being issued by the Government of Canada to emphasize the importance of preventing further increases in the cost of living now and deflation later.

"Whew! Sis won't be an Old Maid after all!"



There was Sis, kissing that wonderful Marine and gloating over the twinkling diamond on her finger! Susie sighed with relief; Sis wasn't going to be an old maid after all.

But Sis had been perilously close to it. Boys were attracted to her at first, but lost interest. Lucky for her she discovered what her trouble was.

Gossip Travels Fast

When you have halitosis (bad breath), even occasionally, the bad news may travel fast. Then people are likely to avoid you.

It's a mistake of a lifetime to take your breath for granted; anyone may have unpleasant breath at some time or other—without realizing it. So you can offend

others unconsciously—and needlessly!

Don't Be Careless

Isn't it foolish to run this risk when Listerine Antiseptic so quickly and so easily makes your breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend? Never, never omit this delightful precaution before social or business appointments, when you want to be at your best.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, say some noted authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada), Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

Before every date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
MADE IN CANADA



Foreword and Footnotes



ANDRE MAUROIS, who has something interesting to say on the subject, "All Isn't Fair in Love and War," in this issue, is an urbane and imaginative writer. His fame was firmly established with such books as "Ariel, the Life of Shelley," and "Disraeli: A Study of the Victorian Era"—works which were originally intended as interpretations of English culture to the Maurois public in France, but which in their translations won great popularity in

Britain and America. In both wars he served as French liaison officer to British troops; after demobilization in 1940 he and Mme. Maurois came to the United States to live. Since his marriage 20 years ago his wife has been his only secretary; and when they go away on a holiday, for a month or a week end, the little portable typewriter is an essential part of their luggage.

* * *

VELIA ERCOLE one of Britain's leading short story writers and a frequent contributor to Chatelaine (see Pages 5-7), has a richly varied background. She was born and educated in Australia; her father was a doctor, an Italian, exiled from his country for political reasons; her mother combined French and Irish strains. Miss Ercole's first journalistic work was done in Sydney. She has travelled a good deal, but prefers people to places. She writes us: "I've enjoyed life enormously since I grew out of the feeling that I should do something intense about it."



* * *

ONE DAY last January Managing Editor Mary-Etta Macpherson went on an informal tour of inspection of the Canadian Wrens in London. Sublieut. Margaret Mackie, Victoria, B.C. (pictured at right), senior Wren overseas, was her guide; the tour began in the offices of Canadian naval headquarters and ended with dinner and a movie in the big comfortable barracks where the girls from the Dominion were living in perfect amity with their sisters of the British Wrens. Fact, she reported that never had she seen a happier, jollier crowd than the gang which assembled in the lounge to watch "The Adventures of Tartu," supplied by the movie division of our Canadian auxiliary services. (Incidentally, the British Wrens had had no regular movie nights until the Canadian girls moved in. One way to be popular is to bring your own entertainment along—and share it!)

For pictures of a new batch of happy Wrens on service in London, turn to page 13.



* * *

THIS MONTH'S cover should put you in a nice lazy mood for vacation. Our model with the smiling eyes is Margaret Gordon-Smith (née Knight), a Toronto girl who served for some years as a secretary with the British Air Commission in Washington, and who last year was named the most beautiful Canadian girl working in the American capital. It was there she met and married her husband, an officer in the Royal Navy, winner of the D.S.C. Both the Gordon-Smiths are now in England.



Clothes, accessories
Robert Simpson Co.

CHATELAIN
for August

RELEASE *of the Prisoner*

*Judith, the village doctor;
Derek, returning hero; and
Felicia, young and lovely.*

MISS ELLIOT looked round the living room, which was as full of flowers as an opera star's dressing room. Judith wished she would go. There was so much still to be done.

"Is he staying with you people indefinitely? They are saying in the village that 'Greenbush' won't be opened up until the war's over."

Judith said that was incorrect, that "Greenbush" needed a lot of doing to it after being empty for four years. It was to be done up as soon as possible.

"I thought it seemed odd," Miss Elliot said. "I suppose the wedding will take place at once?"

"Yes. They are going away for a few days' honeymoon, then Derek will come back here until Felicia gets her discharge from the WAAF. They are bound to let her out as soon as possible, in the circumstances."

Miss Elliot rose reluctantly. "I suppose your sister is simply wild with joy. It's not as if Derek were mutilated or blind, or anything too heart-breaking. Did your sister go to meet him?"

"I think that was the plan. She went straight from her bomber station to London this morning."

"Then you haven't seen her since the news came through? You don't know how she's taking it?"

"How should she take it? There's only one reaction, I should think, to the news that your fiancé is coming home after being a prisoner of war for two years."

By VELIA ERCOLE

Illustrated by Jack Keay

"Of course! Of course!" Miss Elliot said. "I was just thinking two years is a very long time, in these times, and your sister in the services, meeting . . ." She dared not say more.

Judith's lips tightened. "Two years is a very long time, to wait for the man you're in love with."

"Yes, indeed," Miss Elliot sighed, then said, on a bright tinkling laugh. "Well, he has chosen the right kind of sister-in-law, you being a doctor. It's a pity he didn't . . ."

"Miss Elliot, I'm afraid you must excuse me. I've so much to do here, and some patients to see before lunch . . ."

She had really gone at last. Judith shut the door and leaned against it for a queer moment, then settling her lovely shoulders, she went out to the kitchen, which was full of the good smell of baking. Mrs. Jones, the household cook and only servant, was flushed but happy. She was cooking on almost a pre-war scale, because the news of the return of the prisoner had brought contributions of precious fats

and eggs, fruit, game and poultry from the entire village.

"I'm going down to see old Mrs. Conn now," Judith said. "Though I don't suppose it is the least use telling her not to get excited."

"No," Mrs. Jones said. Suddenly she began to cry, and Judith said, "Well, for heaven's sake!"

Mrs. Jones said, "Well, when you think of what they've been through, stuck there in a prison camp, and Bill Conn with his arm gone. And it was only yesterday I tanned the hide off young Bill for banging a stone through my window. If I'd only seen into the future, I'd have let him bang stones through all the windows."

Judith said comfortingly that artificial limbs being what they were today, Bill would probably be able to bang stones through windows as well as ever. And anyhow, he was alive and home, and that was the main thing.

Mrs. Jones cheered up, agreeing.

I'm all of a doodah, Judith thought bleakly. Without any right at all.

She said abruptly, "Everything is ready for the luncheon. I'll go straight to meet the train. You'll be all right here?"

But before Mrs. Jones could reply, the strident jangle of the front doorbell sounded and Judith said,

*"In winter and summer,
with no vacation,
my Frigidaire has now
served over 12 full years"*

*Typical of expressions from
Frigidaire users everywhere.*



Food Fights for Freedom!
1. Conserve food
2. Store food
3. Play square with food

Frigidaire, busy with war production... today is no less proud of the Frigidaire products, made in peacetime, now serving Canadian users so well, so dependably, in so many helpful ways.

Today when food is carefully rationed because of the needs of our armed forces, millions of Frigidaire refrigerators are helping homemakers protect the food they buy and make it go farther.

Hundreds and hundreds of users have written to tell of Frigidaire's faithful help and dependable service. We are pleased, for safeguarding this dependability has been an aim of the whole Frigidaire organization: the plant worker, the dealer, and the service man.

To continue to make Frigidaire products Canada's first choice is our goal for the future. Our plans must await Victory. But one thing is certain: there will be more and better Frigidaire products for more people—and in their making, more jobs for more men!

Many of the Frigidaires we hear about have been in service ten years or more. Others, like this 1942 Frigidaire Cold Wall Refrigerator, represent the very latest in refrigeration. Indeed, it is this Frigidaire that will become the standard for peacetime comparison.



FREE! Get this New Booklet from your Frigidaire Dealer or Mail Coupon.

Just released! "101 Refrigerator Helps" for all refrigerator users! 36 pages of timely help! Get your free copy from any Frigidaire Dealer. Or mail the coupon.

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED,
Dept. C62, LEASIDE 12, ONTARIO.

Please send me your free booklet "101 Refrigerator Helps".

Name.....
Address.....
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Prov.....

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED
LEASIDE 12, ONTARIO

Peacetime Builders of HOUSEHOLD REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • HOME FREEZERS • ICE CREAM CABINETS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS BEVERAGE, MILK, AND WATER COOLERS



"By now all the village thinks I've acquired a follower at last," said Judith. But she got no reply from Felicia or Summers

He was coming home from prison
camp to the girl of his dreams . .
but two years is a long time . .
long enough to confuse a dream
and make a nightmare of reality

"I'd better go. It's bound to be for me. Probably young Timmy. He should have been here half-an-hour ago."

But the tall man in Air Force uniform, who stood at the top of the steps, bore no resemblance to Timmy Coote, and the scolding which Judith had ready for that dilatory youth was replaced by an enquiry in her clear, charming voice.

"I'm Doctor Linton. Did you wish to see me?"

"Oh," the man said, and following this inadequacy, Judith noticed, because noticing such things was habitual to her, that he looked as if he were at the end of his tether. He was pale, his otherwise well-kept hands were deeply stained with nicotine, and his eyes were so tired and bright that you got the impression he had not slept for a week. He spoke as if it were a terrific effort for him to be polite, normal. He said:

"I'm sorry to be a nuisance. I . . . I've heard about you. It was your sister I came to see. Felicia. Could I see her?"

There was nothing the least odd about that, but Judith's heart began to thump irregularly. She said: "We're expecting her on the 12 o'clock train from town. You know, perhaps, that her fiancé is among the repatriated prisoners of war and she went to meet him."

"Yes. I know that."

Then why are you here? Judith wanted to ask him. That odd disturbance in her breast was increasing. The morning light was suddenly full of menace. She said sharply:

"My sister will be very sorry to have missed you if you're a friend of hers. I'd ask you to wait under ordinary circumstances, but with the home-coming and her wedding in three days' time . . ."

The man interrupted harshly, "You mean I'll be in the way. Well, I suppose I will."

Judith said, "Who are you?"

"Bill Summers. Hasn't Felicia told you about me?"

"No," Judith said stiffly. She was creditably calm, her beautiful hands quiet by her side, though they wanted to thrust this stranger from the doorway, and in her brain a voice was crying, Oh, no, oh, no, Derek, darling! It isn't going to happen to you!

The man seemed to make an effort to pull himself together. He said more normally:

"I must apologize for barging in on you like this. I expected to see Felicia. That is, I hoped to. Yesterday she told me she'd be going home this morning."

"Did Felicia expect you?" Judith's tone was chilly.

Summers did not reply for some time, then he said in a low voice, not looking at Judith: "No. No, she did not expect me."

Thank heaven for that, Judith thought. Only now did she realize her chest had been constricted, as she waited for his answer. In her relief, she was able to feel a little sorry for the stranger. He was very good-looking and his fine face was drawn, evidence of great strain. Whatever was on his mind was too much on it, and in a sudden access of sympathy, Judith said, more gently than she had yet spoken:

"Would you like to come in for a few minutes? We can hardly stand here on the doorstep indefinitely."

She drew back and Summers stepped into the hall, saying nothing, as if not finding Felicia had been a check to all thought and action.

But he took the cigarette Judith handed him and said yes, rather, he would like a drink, though of course one didn't look for it these days. It was awfully good of her.

The drink seemed to help him and he said, "You must think this all very odd, if Felicia has never mentioned me."

"Well, she hasn't. What is there between you and Felicia?"

Summers looked at her for a perceptible time, then liking what he saw, he said:

"Everything. That is everything there can be, in the circumstances."

"You mean you're in love with her?"

Summers put his glass carefully on the floor. "Well that, of course. That's obvious." Unexpectedly he grinned. It was a pathetic, heartbreaking grin, and he said:

"I say . . . I don't usually go round to strangers, behaving in this lunatic fashion. I don't know what's got into me. Perhaps it's having been on the go rather a long time. I was out when Felicia left the station. I mean, we were out on rather a do, over Germany, and I thought she . . . well, that she had decided. Then when I got back I found a note, so I came on here as soon as I could."

"Has . . . has Felicia been . . . been as much of a rotter as you?"

Summers went a few shades whiter. He said very carefully, "I told you. Felicia didn't expect to see me."

Judith's nails were digging into her palms. "Then don't you think it would be best . . . best for everybody if you went away without seeing Felicia?"

"Best for him, you mean. For that chap she's engaged to. Not for anyone else."

THIS SAVAGERY helped Judith, dried up the trickles of sympathy which were damping down her anger. She said furiously,

"And who else counts? He's been through hell. And

now that he's home he won't be any good for years . . . not like he was, if ever. He . . . he was magnificent. And he's lost enough, without you and Felicia taking away the only thing he's got left that matters. How dare you sit there and . . . and . . . It's abominably selfish! Don't you think a man who's gone through what he has, deserves something?"

"Thousands have gone through it and hundreds of thousands will go through worse. We're all in it," Summers said harshly. "Do you think a man, any real man, softens up, and wants to be given false, pitying things, just because he's had to take a knock in a war? He can't be much if he wants Felicia on any such terms."

Judith drew in her breath and Summers passed his hand across his forehead.

"I'm sorry," he said after a while. "God knows I've every sympathy for the poor bloke. I can't think of anything much worse than he's had. But I just don't see what good it will do him getting Felicia, when she feels about us the way she does. It's just . . . well, it won't be any good. Felicia isn't pliant. She's brittle, like glass. She won't be able to do it. She'll just be shattered. If you know anything about her, you know that."

Yes, Judith knew that. That exquisite something in Felicia, which was all light and love and loveliness, broke under the wrong handling, and you had dull shards on your hands, which gave out nothing at all.

"I don't believe she doesn't love Derek," she lied steadily. "But he has been away a long time. Felicia is very young. She did love him. Now that he's with her again, it will be all right. He adores her, and I do not believe in this hectic, treacherous, shabby, little affair that's grown out of lack of self-control and propinquity between you two."

Summers got to his feet. He was a very tall man. He said quietly, dangerously, "I think I'll be going." He looked down at Judith who had crumpled into a chair. Her legs were shaking uncontrollably.

"The odd part is," Summers pursued, "you seemed quite intelligent and quick on the uptake." He was moving across the room when Judith said somewhat shakily:

"I take that back. It was unpardonable. I don't know anything at all, of course. And I . . . we all think such a lot of Derek. I said those things just now because I want them to be true. Not because I really believe it was like that at all. Felicia wouldn't. She's as good as . . . as good as gold, really. This must be hurting her terribly."

Summers, halted by her words, had remained still, his head down-bent. He said at last:

"You're perfectly right, of course, about this marriage having to go on. We never really intended it not to, if he still felt the same. But when I came rushing down . . . I didn't have any very clear idea in my head, except that . . . well, that something might have turned up; anyway, I thought I could see for myself that Felicia would be . . . all right. I hadn't come down to make her change her mind or anything. I see now it was a rotten thing to do. You've been very decent. Thanks a lot." Suddenly he swayed and, recovering himself, hung on to the high back of the wing chair beside him. He was white to the lips, and Judith looked at him in concern. He managed to grin again, so that Judith understood suddenly how Felicia could love him.

"What's the matter?" she said. "That looks like more than fatigue."

"Well . . . as a matter of fact . . . I got a bit of a scratch from a machine-gun bullet, but all the rest of the crew got so much more, they never noticed my booby prize. We ran into a spot of bother on that show, and limped home. Then when we landed I got Felicia's note and decided to buzz down as soon as I could. I had this leave coming up, so I slipped off quietly."

"That was rather stupid of you," Judith said. "Hasn't anything been done about the bullet wound?"

"Well . . . sort of. But I had to get away so I soft-pedalled it."

"You'd better let me have a look at it . . . though it's not regulations. But . . ." She smiled for the first time. "I'd like you to be able to catch the first train out of this place."

"I'm all right. It's nothing much."

"Are you one of those men who don't like women doctors?"

"Good lord, no," Summers said. "Felicia says you're wonderful." His glance was half-admiring, half-puzzled. "But you ♦ Continued on page 18



Three distinctly different types — Ann Sheridan, Canadian-born Alexis Smith, and Jane Wyman — dressed to flatter their best points in the current hit, "The Doughgirls." Milo Anderson, Warner Bros., designs for them.

Here's Milo Anderson showing Chatelaine's Lotta Dempsey how he goes about making Faye Emerson look her most glamorous for her new picture, "Between Two Worlds." He says every woman, on or off the screen, should give special thought to her "entrance" costume.



Dress The Stars

By Lotta Dempsey

good looks and dress appeal of the "average" woman, and says that in these days, as never before, she is designing simple, wearable clothes for the most famous stars; clothes that any girl or woman will find interesting guide-posts in her own choice of fashions.

"Hollywood's standards have undergone the same drastic changes as the rest of the world's," she told us. "Even for the most glamorous stars I choose clothes these days that any woman would want and wear. My basic plan for screen wardrobes is exactly what the plan of every woman should be in choosing styles and fabrics. Buy for quality, not quantity. Plan things that will serve every emergency, look well under any circumstances. Get workable clothes for daytime, dressy clothes for night, to give yourself and your menfolk a lift."

Irene believes any woman can be very well-dressed on this basic wardrobe: two good suits, one street dress, one date or dinner dress, and a coat.

"If such a wardrobe is well made of good material, it will do more for the wearer than a dozen indifferent costumes. Clothes should be perfectly fitted and equipped with the proper accessories. The wrong hat can ruin a suit, just as superfluous jewellery or trimming can spoil the best of dresses."

One reason why her screen stars look so well-dressed,

Irene believes, is because every detail of their costumes is carefully thought out and co-ordinated. Clothes are chosen to suit the wearer rather than the current mode. She believes a great many women (especially young ones) are too apt to follow a mode set for the current season, rather than to develop a style of their own.

"A dress should be part of your personality—you should feel comfortable in it because it does the most for you," she says. "This may mean that you wear suits from dawn to dawn; or that you never wear suits; or that all your jackets, dresses and coats have long sleeves; or short ones or tight ones. That you rarely wear anything but black; that your dresses are all basic, depending on ultra hats and clever gadgets for chic; that you never wear furs, no matter what the climate; that your dinner or date clothes are all tailored. *Wear what you look best in and stick to it.*"

Irene has a special word on this subject for the teen-agers and early twenties. "Don't get a tweed suit just because Mary looks too too divine in one," she begs. "Don't wear a plaid skirt and sloppy sweater which may take inches from your height and add them to your hips, just because the tall, thin willow of the campus does. Please be yourself."

Irene believes we don't use color nearly effectively enough, especially in combinations. Even in black and



Eddie Stevenson of R.K.O. wishes every girl could see "rushes" of herself when she's dressed to go out. She'd take more care with the little details that matter so much, he says.

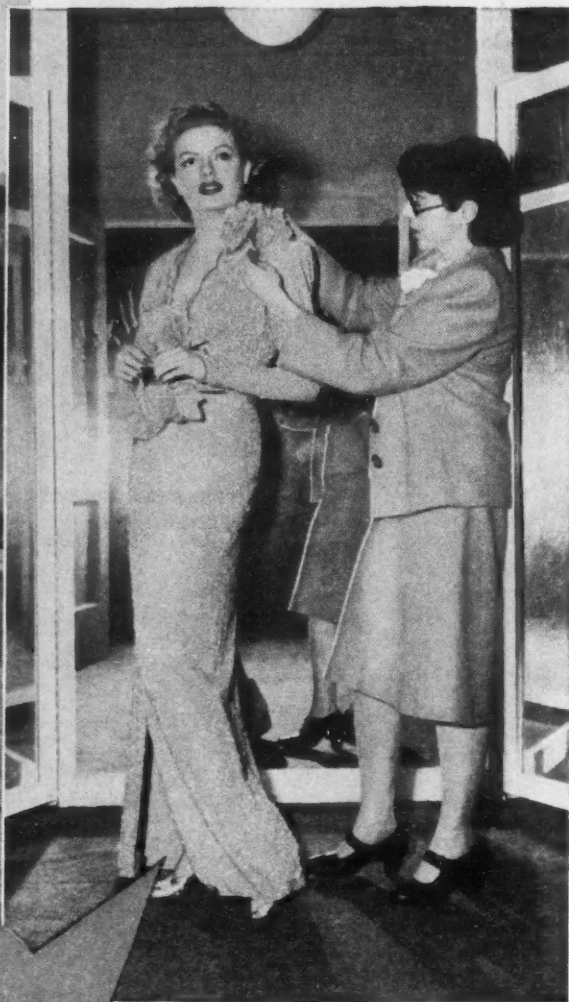
white pictures she uses luscious combinations, because they make the stars feel glamorous, and that gets over even if the color doesn't. For Hedy Lamarr she did a soldier-blue house coat trimmed with chartreuse bandings recently. Esther Williams got a wool street dress in two shades of blue and cocoa brown, and Gloria de Haven a wool dress of brown, olive-green and dusty pink, the three colors alternating in wide bands of the same material on the bodice and sleeves, although the skirt was plain brown.

Irene loves two shades of the same color for tailored clothes—two greys, browns, greens, etc.: light inserts on dark jackets; striped + Continued on page 21

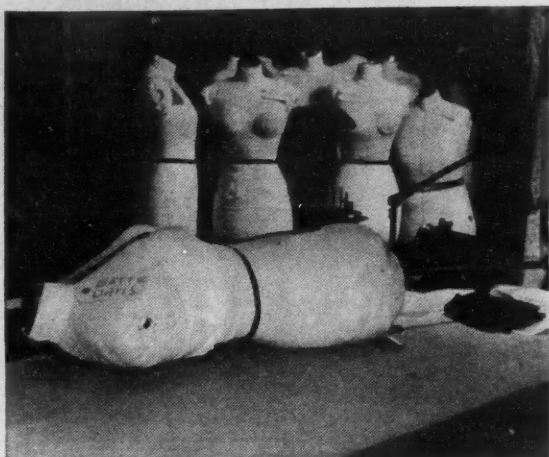


Irene, executive designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, goes into a cosy huddle with Lana Turner over sketches for the clothes in "Marriage is a Private Affair." Irene, who designs all the wardrobes for her studio's glamour girls, stoutly maintains that most of her creations apply to the average woman's needs.

Edith Head studies the shoulder line of the dinner dress she designed for Marjorie Reynolds to wear in a forthcoming picture. Edith is Paramount's top designer. She thinks most women wear clothes too tight.



They



Pick your favorite figger! Here's the sewing room at Warner's where the Judy forms of Bette Davis and other famous stars stand ready to oblige for step-by-step fittings. Actually, it's seldom as quiet-looking as this, working days.

THERE'S that favorite dream of yours in which somebody says, "Look, a world-famous designer is going to create clothes especially for you. Clothes that will bring out your good points and hide your bad ones; clothes that will make you glamorous, exciting, enchanting; star of every scene you appear in..."

Well, it's nice dreaming, isn't it?

We got to thinking about it out Hollywood way... about the dream of almost every woman to have a great designer plan clothes just for her; so we thought why not, anyway?... and so we went to the biggest moving picture studios and saw their greatest designers and said, "What kind of clothes would you make for Mrs. Smith of Vancouver, who does her own housework and looks after two children and manages two afternoons a week at Red Cross, and wants to look pretty special for her husband's service club get-togethers? And what would you do for Muriel Jones of Toronto, as smart a stenographer as you'll find anywhere, who doubles with glamour stuff at the Active Service Canteen and is limited as to budget? And then there's Ellen Evans of Montreal, who makes a good salary as a woman executive at a munitions plant but

just hasn't time these days to fuss over choosing clothes; and young Mrs. Green down in Halifax, with her soldier husband and baby. In other words, what would you design for the average Canadian woman, that would give her flair and distinction and charm?"

It was quite an order. But one after another, the great names of film designing... Irene and Edith Head and Milo Anderson and Eddie Stevenson... took the pins out of their mouths (metaphorically, anyhow) and said in surprise, "But we show you, every day, on the screen! Your 'average' or 'ordinary' Canadian or American woman... who has turned out to be so extraordinary and manages jobs, families, war work and fun like a one-man bandmaster, is the woman we're designing for most of the time now in pictures."

We were polite but unconvinced.

"Like Hedy Lamarr?" we asked. "Like Lana Turner? Like Irene Dunne?"

Looking us straight in the eye on this one was that charming and brilliant creator of movie clothes for these and many other top-ranking beauties. Irene is executive designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and complete and final arbiter of the clothes many of the outstanding lovelies of the films wear when the cameras grind. She is also vitally concerned with the

Daughters

TOMMY, MILES AWAY, COULDN'T KNOW HOW PERILOUSLY HIS FUTURE HAPPINESS SWUNG IN THE BALANCE THAT AFTERNOON, WHILE TWO WOMEN TALKED AND ANOTHER MAN WAITED.



else. I'm afraid that I'm in love with him."

"Vi, you couldn't!"

"That's what I told myself. I kept telling myself. It was no good. There it was. He was rather lost at first. I was just sorry for him. Then, I don't know what happened. I don't know..."

There were tears in her voice and she kept biting her lower lip. Marion sat staring at her and she could hear a faint thudding in her ears that was like the steady, brick-by-brick toppling of all her brave security. Tommy, for the moment, was just a horrified flash across her mind, somebody whose hurt was yet to come after this incredible thing had first crashed down upon her. Every instinct within her clamored for swift movement, as though by moving swiftly now, she could escape from something too horrible to be borne. The impulse that she had to set herself against was purely physical, the impulse to grip Vi's shoulders and shake her. She gripped the arms of

her chair tightly and fought back the panic in her own brain. After all, this was not something that was happening to her; not really. This was something that had already happened.

"Tell me about it, Vi," she said. Her own voice seemed far away from her, a mere sound thrown by some hidden ventriloquist into the room.

Vi made a helpless gesture, spreading her hands far apart. Her eyes were wide, dark, staring out of the white blur of her face. Marion knew suddenly, with intuitive certainty, that Vi had been right when she said that it would be easier to tell Tommy. Why would it be? Because Tommy would keep his head. He would accept what he couldn't change, or he would fight for what was his if he had a chance; under no circumstances would he lash wildly out as women did under stress.

Vi was looking into the dark fireplace. There had been evenings when the fireplace had been a blazing, crackling riot of warmth and color. She and Tommy had toasted marshmallows there, had sat there talking, looking into the fire, seeing pictures. Perhaps she was seeing pictures now.

"I met him at the canteen, Marion," she said slowly. "He was just another boy in uniform. I served so many of them, laughed off so many wisecracks, so many extravagant compliments. After all, they were just using me as a stand-in for the girl back home. I knew that. I tried to help a little, but I never crossed the counter, Marion. You know what I mean..."

The canteen. Marion wet her lips. "He's... he's just a private, Vi?" Her eyes went instinctively

to the picture of Tommy in his officer's uniform. "That's right," she said, "a private. Privates are the Army. There are so many more of them." Her eyes dropped and she was looking at the darkened fireplace again. "His name is Moran. Bill Moran. He hasn't been in long and he was lonely and there wasn't any girl back home. I couldn't be a stand-in for anybody in his life. There wasn't anybody. He didn't even have folks. He graduated from an orphanage and he took that awful unwanted feeling out into the world with him."

"You found out a lot about him."

"Yes, I did. He didn't wisecrack or pass compliments. He was too shy for that. I tried to help him the way I tried to help the others, but food wasn't enough for him. He didn't need that. Really, I don't suppose that any of them need that. They need a little contact with the hands that prepared the food, or served it; a little touch of home and a memory or two. I couldn't give Bill that, nobody could. He'd never had the things that the others remembered."

Marion clenched her hands in her lap. She felt no warmth or sympathy for this Bill Moran; he was alien, an intruder upon the happiness of her own son. Some poisonously catty thing in her mind cried out for expression. She wanted to say that one could feel very sorry for a homeless mongrel on the streets, but one could not take mongrels home just because they were pitiful. She tightened her lips against the words and Vi turned to her in that moment.

"You won't understand, Marion," she said huskily. "You can't. I crossed the counter. I had to. And I couldn't go back."

"But Tommy, Vi! He loves you!"

Vi's eyes filled and she looked away. "I know. But he will never need me desperately. His life is bound to be rich and full wherever he goes. Tommy draws everything he wants to him, he draws people. He couldn't be lonely..."

"I believe you are wrong."

VI'S EYES came back, startled, and Marion read in them the terrible doubt and worry and indecision that had preceded this moment of confidence. The girl had suffered. She was still suffering. She needed help and suddenly Marion was remembering those small boy and small girl quarrels when Vi had come to her for comfort. Doris Wade, Vi's own mother, was never a rock that one could lean upon; she was volcanic, she erupted emotionally and scattered the lava of her own disturbed feelings far and wide. When things went wrong, Vi had always come first to Marion, just as she was coming to her now.

Suddenly, Marion knew that she loved Vi, loved her for herself and altogether apart from anything that she might mean to Tommy. Vi was the daughter that she had never had, the daughter that she had enjoyed vicariously, Tommy's playmate, the little girl in her own back yard. Tears came in a swift rush and Vi was in her arms. They clung together and Marion heard her own voice at a great distance saying,

"I want you to be happy, darling. That's very important, so very important."

There wasn't much sense to the words, but they did not really need words at + Continued on page 40

had been removed. The room was quiet, cheerful, restful, dominated by the smiling picture of Tommy.

Vi's white teeth bit into her lower lip. "This is going to be even harder than I thought," she said, "Oh, Marion!"

"Take your time, dear."

"It won't do any good. I have to face it anyway. It would be easier telling Tommy than telling you. You're going to be hurt, Marion."

Marion felt a swift surge of alarm. Vi was sitting in Tommy's favorite chair beside the radio. She was facing Marion who sat in her own chair less than three feet away from her. Marion leaned forward.

"What is it, Vi?"

"It's somebody else, Marion. I've met somebody

Mothers

By William E. Barrett

TEACUPS tinkled against their saucers and the voices of women, many women, talking all at once, rose and fell in a restless tide of sound. Marion sat on the edge of her chair, her expression eager and interested. Occasionally she joined the conversation but she heard little of it. It was a familiar theme and she went through the motions of being sympathetically in tune with it, but that was as far as she could go. Actually, she was remote, wrapped in a warm security that made her a little, but only a little, ashamed of her own good fortune.

There were too many weddings and too many showers, the voices said. It was incredible how many young people were being married nowadays and how could one keep up with them? "There are so many presents to buy, my dear, and George had a fit last month when the bills came in, but what can one do?" And the people that they married! Strangers, perfect strangers! A mother lived in constant terror of a telegram from her boy in camp, a telegram telling her that he had married some little nobody that he had met no-telling-where. And it was worse with daughters, so much worse!

"It is hysterical, really hysterical. They are in love with the uniform, poor babies, and one can't make them see it. Like that little Bassett girl."

Everyone remembered the little Bassett girl who was 17 and who had married a corporal from the West after knowing him only 10 days. She was home now and he was overseas and she was going to have a baby.

"Ghastly. Perfectly ghastly! And there is so much of it. The mother of a daughter lives in a state of nameless dread, my dear. I cannot imagine what I would do."

The voices rose and fell. The smoke of many cigarettes moved with the current of air through the room and Tommy's picture on the piano was wreathed in it. He had smiled into the camera when the picture was taken and the smile had a living, moving quality now; as though he were smiling reassuringly through the voices for Marion.

"You don't have to worry, darling," he seemed to be saying, "except about the wedding presents. Vi and I are set. We always have been."

Her eyes misted, looking at his picture, so brave and stalwart in uniform. He was working hard on advanced training at the coast. When he finished, so soon now, he and Vi would be married, but it would not be just another war wedding. This was a marriage that was always meant to be. Vi was the little girl down the block who had thanked her solemnly for cookies in the long, long ago, the leggy little girl in pigtailed who had come to Marion, unreasonably enough, for support when she quarrelled with Tommy—and who, strangely enough, generally received it. Vi was the girl who was everything that she had hoped for from the daughter of her own that she had never had, the girl who, at 20, was going to marry her son.

The voices rose and fell, the voices of Marion's closest friends, and Marion was a million miles away from them. She was secure; no telegram from her son to fear, no sleepless nights of worry over a daughter caught up in the swift current of a war romance.

SHE DID not hear Vi enter, but the break in the rhythm of sound in the room brought her to her feet. Everyone knew Vi, of course. Vi's own mother belonged to the group and the sons and daughters of the others had gone to school with her. She moved, smiling, into the room; a vivid, dark-haired girl, slender and smart and well-groomed. Her dark eyes

smiled when her lips did.

"I forgot that you were having company, Marion," she said.

Marion liked the use of her first name. Vi had used it ever since that breathless night when she and Tommy had broken the news of their engagement. There was a comradeship in it that established the relationship between them as something special, that blotted out forever the stiff "in-law" relationship that hung like a barrier between so many women who should be close to each other in heart and mind.

"Since when have we been 'company' at Marion's?"

That was Doris Wade, Vi's mother. She smiled at Vi, then looked at Marion. In her eyes, Marion read a security that matched her own. Doris wasn't worried about wartime romances, either. Doris had put iodine on Tommy's scratches when he was very small and Doris had invited him to parties when he was a little older. A little lump came into Marion's throat. It was so darn swell living in one place all of your life, watching your youngsters grow up with the youngsters of your friends. Smart-alec books made it seem dull, but the writers didn't know; they would never know.

Vi sat down and was accepted into the group, the flurry of greeting was over and the voices merged again into the steady flow of sound that was typical of women's gatherings anywhere. Only now there was a more urgent tempo to the sound, preliminary to the breaking up, as everyone strove to sandwich in a last observation, one more anecdote. Vi laughed once or twice at something that someone was saying, then people were leaving and Vi wasn't laughing. She stood beside Marion.

"I'll visit with you a while," she said, "while we straighten up."

They turned back together into the empty room which seemed to be still the host to echoes. There were ash trays piled with lipstick-stained cigarette butts to be taken out to the kitchen, and teacups and cake plates. Maids, even part-time maids, were a thing of the past and two pairs of hands made it easier. Vi, however, worked quietly. There was a worried pucker in her forehead and her eyes were grave. As she stacked a half dozen cake plates on the drainboard, her hands shook.

"Can we sit down and talk for a minute, Marion?" she said.

"Of course."

MARION LOOKED at the solemn young face, so suddenly pale under the light makeup. "What in the world?" she thought. She kept her own expression serene. Whatever it was, it would come out and two heads, like two pairs of hands, could make it easier. There could hardly be anything in Vi's life that would prove very serious. Girls of her age built things up to such tremendous proportions sometimes.

They moved together into the sunny living room and the sense of lingering echoes no longer bothered them. The sense of presence which the women had left behind them no longer existed when the traces of that presence



The impulse that she had to set herself against was purely physical, the impulse to grip Vi's shoulders and shake her.

Illustrated by Charles Reed

look. This is no less true of love. No decent man would court the wife of an absent friend. No decent woman would lie to her husband. If other and less exacting standards of moral decency were ever sanctioned, then all contracts between man and woman would become null and void; then we should go back to a barbarian and primitive sex life. Married couples are the cells out of which civilized societies are built. Who destroys the cell kills the society.

Every one of us should feel he is responsible not only for his own marriage and his own happiness, but for the maintenance in his country of an orderly and trustworthy state of affairs. We said at the beginning that human societies rest on a foundation of mutual confidence and respected pledges. Surely the marriage vows are one of these respected pledges. Whoever breaks them saps the foundation of society and is a deserter from civilized life. All is fair in love, except what we clearly promised not to do, and we very definitely promised to remain true and to stick together for better and for worse.

The sanctions against the man or woman who does not abide by the laws of fairness in love are applied not only by society but by the offender's own guilty conscience. Study the lives of the men and women who practiced the doctrine of "all is fair in love," and you will find out that all of them were indeed unhappy creatures, never satisfied, often bored, and incapable, when the day came for them of an urgent need for companionship, to choose the right companion. Because they were willing to give very little of themselves, they found only partners who were contented with little. Thus they ruled out of their lives the best of the opposite sex, who would insist on a more complete and more permanent companionship. And when they had the undeserved luck to meet an ideal companion, they were unable either to recognize or to keep him (or her).

Take, for example, the life of Byron. He did not believe in fidelity; he promised none. Many women were attracted by him; they were all unworthy of him, the only exception being his unfortunate wife, Annabella. She alone dreamed of building with him a permanent marriage. But he went on hankering after false freedom and ended as the reluctant slave of pretty, stupid Countess Guiccioli. The most surprising fact about Don Juan is that he knows nothing of women.

LET US now suppose you really and honestly are in love, in other words that you crave the permanent and exclusive companionship of a chosen human being. Does this give you a right to do anything in order to secure this ideal mate? I do not think so. To begin with, you have no right to break a previous marriage contract, especially if your consort has not been guilty of any breach. The fact, for instance, that husband and wife are separated by war, sometimes for years, would be no excuse for infidelity, however sincere and deep the new love. A man who goes to war does not desert his wife. He leaves her because it is his duty to do so. It would certainly be most unfair to deceive him while he is fighting for all of us.

"Yet it is painful to remain lonely for years!"

"It is just as painful for him."

"The marriage vows were taken with the idea of normal conditions. Neither of us expected this long separation. Conditions having changed, the contract is no more valid." ♦ Continued on page 35

Our Wrens

In London

THEY'RE a happy lot—well fed, well housed, well cared for in every way; and they're a small enough crew to be good companions at all hours, whether at their jobs at Canadian Naval Headquarters in the Haymarket, or on off-duty moments of sightseeing, or even during air-raid alerts in the dead o' night. Here are some recent glimpses of them—our good-looking Wrens abroad, the ladies of the Canadian Navy.



King's House, in the Haymarket, is the headquarters of the Senior Canadian Naval Officer, Overseas, and here work the Canadian Wrens—as coders, writers, switch-board operators, etc. Here's a half-dozen going to work.



All photographs by Lieut. R. G. Ariess, R.C.N.V.R.

BASEMENT SCENE at midnight! Wailing Willie, the air-raid siren, has roused them from their slumbers; many experiences of the kind have taught the Canadian Wrens how to pick up their kit quickly and proceed to the place of safety. They wear stout shoes, greatcoats over their pyjamas, tin helmets, and each girl carries a flashlight. If there's time, they grab a magazine or writing materials and catch up on their homework until the All Clear sounds.

THE GROUP above includes some of the most recent arrivals of Canadian Wrens; they live in comfortable quarters in Bayswater, near Hyde Park. Left to right are pictured: Kitty Kelley from Halifax; Olive Heidt, Windsor, Ont.; Anne Lindsay, Prescott, Ont.; May Tootell, Three Rivers, Que.; Marjorie Pyper, St. Lambert, Que.; Maxine Kirkham, Montreal; Dorothy Carr, Brockville, and Joyce Cain, Caledonia. Other Wrens live in Hampstead.



Canadian Wrens May Tootell and Kitty Kelley visit the English WAAF sergeant in charge of "Lady Hamilton," the big barrage balloon which helps protect their Bayswater quarters. The WAAF is a Canadian bride.



Home was never like this! It's Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane, and the girls are eating winkles off a pin. Left to right: Marion Phillips, Montreal; Eve Kerr, Fox River, N.S.; Frankie Williams, Winnipeg; Georgina Murray, Vancouver. Smoked eels are another flavor thrill here.



All Isn't Fair in Love and War

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS

LOVE and War are the same thing and stratagems and policy are as allowable in the one as in the other." So wrote Miguel de Cervantes. The sentence contains two propositions, the first being that Love and War are the same thing, the second that stratagems are allowable in both. I have the greatest admiration for Cervantes, yet I disagree with his two propositions. I do not accept the idea that Love and War are the same thing. Nor do I believe that both should be entirely lawless. I shall attempt in this article to explain what I call unfairness in love. Let us begin with a few words about unfairness in war.

It seems self-evident that human societies, inasmuch as they are free societies, rest on a foundation of mutual confidence and of respected pledges. It is also self-evident that war means a disruption of society. In war brute force places itself above law, and all normal human engagements (not to kill—not to steal—not to lie) are temporarily set aside. No belligerent would refrain from using the best weapons he can procure (all regulations to the contrary have always been violated at one time or another); no belligerent would consider it a moral fault to use deception in order to fool the enemy on the intended place of battle.

Yet even in war there are a few human conventions no decent man would overlook. For example we, the United Nations, would never wilfully bomb a hospital, nor deliberately torpedo a hospital ship. The International Red Cross was able to maintain, in the present war, at least in Europe and America, a fairly high standard of respect for the rights of war prisoners.

Why are such limitations accepted by belligerent governments? Partly for reasons of reciprocity, but mostly because they realize that a state of war cannot and must not last forever, and that it will be necessary one day to come back to a human society based on the respect of engagements. Therefore it would be a great mistake irremediably to destroy all faith in engagements.

It is permissible, in a state of war, to kill one's fellow beings, to deprive men of their freedom, to practice deception, because no promises to the contrary were given. Every soldier who meets an enemy knows he is liable to be killed unless he kills first. Every reasonable man who listens to an enemy broadcast knows, or should know, such propaganda is not meant to be truthful. But on a few subjects definite agreements were made and it was clearly understood that they would take effect in time of war. Such are the conventions about hospital ships and war prisoners. They should be respected as the last threads still connecting belligerents with civilization. All is fair in war, except what we clearly promised not to do, even in wartime.

NOW LET us come to Love. What is there in common between love and war? There must be some affinity, because we notice many similitudes between the vocabularies of the lover and the warrior. The one says "to conquer" a woman as the other says "to conquer" a land. Every Don Juan speaks of his "victories"; every vamp "subjugates" man; department stores advertise "devastating" party dresses. Listen to Valmont, the hero of a French 18th Century novel. Would you think he is speaking of love when he says: "Judge me as you would Turenne or Frederick the Great. I have forced the enemy to give combat when he was trying to gain time. . . I was able to lull the enemy into a feeling of security, the better to pursue him in his withdrawal; I was then able to follow this up with terror, before engaging in combat!" One might believe, if the choice of word means anything, that a permanent war between the sexes is actually taking place.

It is indeed true that, in the eyes of some men, everything is permissible that may induce women to surrender. Such men will make promises of marriage they have no intention to keep, or swear they will remain eternally faithful when they really intend to be faith-

less and fickle. Or they will attack by surprise and take advantage of a moment of weakness, as a crafty Commando leader chooses his time to storm a strongpoint. That is not fair—and that is not love. Women should always be on their guard against the momentary fascination of such "raiders." The qualities and virtues that make for happiness in a life-long union are not those of the lady-killer.

In the same way, in the eyes of some unscrupulous women, everything is permissible that gives them a chance to enslave a man. There are girls who will skilfully captivate an eligible bachelor they do not love, in the hope of securing a permanent guarantee of economic security. Bernard Shaw maintains that woman knows how to make man believe he takes the initiative, but that this is only a pretense. Woman waits for man, says Shaw, as the spider waits for the fly. "You think yourself the pursuer," says Shaw to Man, "and she the pursued; that it is your part to woo, to persuade, to prevail, to overcome. Fool! it is you who are the pursued, the marked-down quarry, the destined prey. . . Here the vocabulary of hunting mixes with that of war; and there is in fact a great deal in common between hunting and fighting.

To sum up, in the "war of the sexes," it would appear that Man uses the lure of permanent union in order to satisfy a fleeting whim, Woman uses the lure of beauty or charm in order to secure a permanent guarantee of support.

Now, that such a war of the sexes goes on in animal nature is an undisputed fact. Animals do not hesitate to make use of violence and ruse, of "stratagems and policy," in order to answer the call of instinct. To conquer the mate they have chosen, they mobilize all their forces of vigor, cunning and beauty. Animal love is war: I do not dispute the point. Only it is my contention that

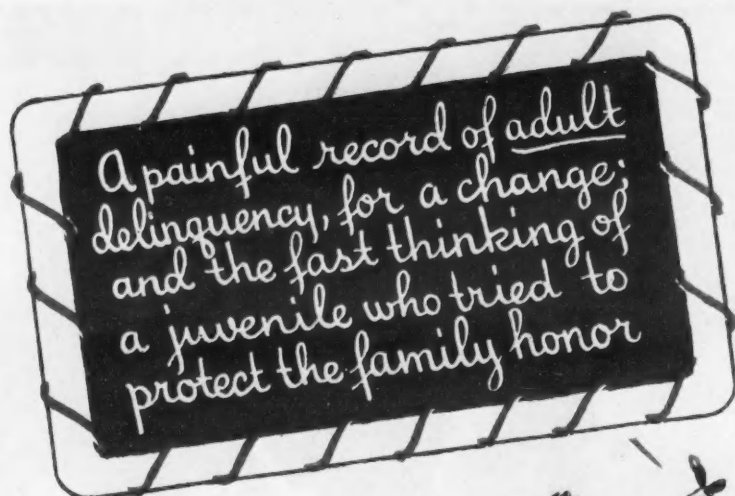
human beings have transcended animal love and soared above it into regions where fairness and fidelity become essential parts of Love.

"IF MAN has risen at all above the beast," writes John Erskine, "it is for two reasons—something in his human endowment makes him wish to rise, and experience is slowly teaching him that if he doesn't rise, he suffers for it." If a man or a woman believes that "all is fair in love," or in other words that he (or she) has a right to do anything to conquer the object of desire, then he (or she) forfeits any hope of durable happiness. For just as men at war have got to think of rebuilding one day human society, men and women in love have got to think of building a lasting companionship, and you can build nothing durable on a foundation of insincerity and deceit.

This is just as true in an army as it is in a couple. While the art of war permits ruses and deceptions between opposing forces, when one comes down to the individual soldier fighting the war, one finds a fairly strict code of conduct imposed. No soldier would be allowed to steal from a comrade. The moment you enter an army you become a trusted member of a community. The moment you marry, you accept the discipline of marriage. Your wife, your husband, is a comrade who works and fights side by side with you. The word *mate* is rightly used to describe both a comrade in arms and a comrade in marriage. To deceive one's conjugal mate is just as bad a fault against honor as to rob your comrade in arms. Here again language has admirably caught the similarity when it applies the word *desertion* both to the soldier who abandons his post and to the lover who breaks his marriage vows.

WE SAID that there are, in war, certain conventions no decent man would over-

One of the great writers of our time disputes the wisdom of the Old English proverb. All is fair in war except what we clearly promised not to do, even in wartime. All is fair in love, except those stratagems and policies which debase love



Illustrated by
Ilse Shank

"Well, according to William James' theory—" "That settles it," Laura stated firmly. "I'm going to see him."

"I think he's dead," ventured Sally. "Of course he isn't dead. Lucy Simpson saw him just yesterday. He's down at a quaint little tearoom on Sycamore Street that's too East Indian for words. Lucy says he reads tea leaves and tells you the most astounding things."

"William James?" Sally wondered at the psychologist's sudden shift in policy.

"Zudini," said Laura impatiently. "The Hindu mystic. Lucy says he's absolutely amazing."

"That's a racket, that mystic stuff," explained Sally. "They look into an old crystal ball and—" "Tea leaves."

"Well, tea leaves. It's the same principle. Then they tell you they see a tall dark man and a lot of silly stuff like that."

"I must dress," said Laura. "I can hardly wait."

"I think I'd better go with you." Until the immediate crisis of the two grey hairs was safely weathered, it might be wise to keep at close range. After all women of that age were sometimes pretty impressionable.

There was plenty of atmosphere at Zudini's but little solid food. Sally annihilated several miniature sandwiches, a salad and a glass of milk and watched her mother toy with melba toast and tea.

"Isn't it fascinating?" asked Laura as she stared all around her at the underdraped waitresses and the overdraped walls. From somewhere came the soft strains of Rimski-Korsakov's Scheherazade.

"Madam is about to find romance." It looked like a bath towel that hovered above the tea cup. Then a face appeared from under the folds of the towel. Piercing black eyes looked into Laura's and then back at the tea leaves. "Romance beckons and Madam must not turn away." He seemed about to hypnotize Laura with the intensity of his staring eyes. "One so beautiful must be loved. It is fate, and where fate leads we must follow. Kismet!" He was gone as suddenly as he had come.

"Goodness!" breathed Laura, absent-mindedly gathering up the remaining melba toast with her purse and gloves, "Did you hear what he said?"

"Yes," said Sally. "He forgot the tall dark man, but it's still a racket."

Laura sat quietly, dreamily. Then at last she spoke. "I'm going to have my hair done with bangs for Lucy Simpson's party tonight."

"You shouldn't," said Sally firmly, "go to parties without your husband."

"Arthur loathes parties. Besides he's much too far away."

That was a regrettable circumstance that should be compensated for as quickly as possible. "I think I'll go home now," said Sally.

"All right, dear. What does Kismet mean?"

"It means 'this is a lot of hooey but come back for more!'"

"Oh, I will."

"Yes," said Sally, "I was afraid of that."

IF THE power of suggestion worked so effectively in one direction, Sally felt it ought to be equally effective in reverse. She ransacked the house and found seven



She held up the darling creation and saw a cascade of coral taffeta ruffles and a peekaboo top.

pictures of her father. These, however, being fairly recent, showed the bay-window with bold clarity. Then she remembered the small cedar chest in her mother's bedroom. There, under several layers of yellowed dance programs and letters, faded flowers and a white lace wedding veil, was the album her grandmother had relinquished only after breathing her last.

Her father appeared in various stages of growth, beginning quite nude and progressing through the knee-breeches stage. There was the picture with the

words, "My boy, 1917," printed beneath it. A tall, dark, and surprisingly handsome young lieutenant, wearing his uniform proudly over a quite flat abdomen.

The latter portrait Sally tacked on the wall over her mother's dressing table. A wedding picture she placed on the wall beside the ruffle-canopied bed, and the others were perched at random on tables, desks and over landscapes throughout the house.

Apparently the effort was to be wasted.

Laura came in blithely, several hours later, crowned with bangs, a henna rinse, and an inverted lampshade. "Mother went shopping," she said, turning her head from side to side before each mirror that she passed. There was no doubt that the Talisman rose, free of the potted plant's influence, was in full bloom.

"Mother, could we have a little heart-to-heart talk?" Sally followed her mother up the long stairs. "There are some things I have to say to you and—"

"Some other time, dear. I barely have time to bathe and dress. Do you like my hair?" Laura took off the hat carefully and smoothed the bangs. "Pierre says it makes me look 10 years younger." She laughed gaily. "Really, it's amazing but I feel 10 years younger, too." Then her eyes caught the young lieutenant who was staring down at her from above her dressing-table mirror. "How on earth did that get there? Goodness! I'd forgotten how good-looking Arthur was."

"It's the uniform," suggested Sally slyly. "He'll probably look just like that when he comes back."

"Don't be silly."

"Only better," went on Sally, "because he's a major now."

"Your father is a wonderful man and he might even be a corporal some day. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"You mean colonel."

"Do I? I always get them mixed. Now, darling, start my bath water and then run and have Hortense fix your dinner." Laura snuggled into a pink chenille robe and placed a hairnet over the hennaed curls. "I want to take my time about dressing and be positively voluptuous about it."

"Kismet!" Sally said the word as if it were profane.

"What, dear?"

"I said it looks like fate and I am going to have to fight it out."

THE BIRD came out of Sally's clock and said "Cuckoo" eleven times. Sally looked up from her letter. "You aren't kidding," she agreed. Then she resumed her writing.

"... and daddy, although mother is acting rather strange, I don't want you to worry. At that age a woman is apt to get a youth fixation. She'll probably get over it. I will keep you informed. We miss you very much.

Your loving daughter,
Sally."

She was about to fold the sheet when lights flashed into the drive. She ran to the window. The car looked quite long, not at all like a

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The major led the parade, Joe followed close behind him, and Laura brought up a most unmilitary rear. "There they are!" she screamed.

Kismet wasn't Kidding

By NARDA STOKES

LAURA KENDALL was still waving the white handkerchief like a flag of truce long after the train was out of sight. Sally took it from her gently and propelled her toward the car. "Mother, d'ya think daddy's bay-window will show under his uniform?"

"I certainly hope not, dear," said Laura. Then she stopped short and faced her daughter. "Sally, I will not have you speak disrespectfully of your father. He's giving up everything to go and serve his country again, and the least we can do is honor his memory." She sighed nostalgically. "Poor Arthur! His stomach was quite flat in the last war."

With abandon Laura put the car into reverse, and Sally exerted admirable self-control as she watched her mother barely miss a corner of the station platform. "When daddy was young was he ever the romantic type?" Sally couldn't imagine such a thing, but you never could tell. Sometimes men started out one way and ended up another. It was the thing that made getting married so uncertain.

"He was very handsome," said Laura.

"No, I mean did he write mushy poems and send you flowers and stuff?"

"Every anniversary for 20 years," said Laura, "your father has sent me a potted plant." Her voice sounded wistful. "I wish some time he'd remember that Talisman roses are my favorite flower."

"I knew it!" Sally nodded sagely. "Daddy is the potted plant type, and when a potted plant gets married to a Talisman rose it's bound to cause repres-

"A man has got to be rugged to appeal to women. But now you take a girl. A girl ought to just keep quiet and look glamorous."



sions. Especially now that you're going through such a dangerous age."

"I'm no such thing!" Laura was outraged.

"Yes, you are," insisted Sally. "According to William James' theory—"

"Sally!" Laura said severely, "I absolutely forbid you to discuss such things. It isn't normal for a child of 13—"

"I was 14 last week," Sally gave the braces on her teeth a little jab. "That was our house you just passed."

"Dear, are your braces loose?" Laura backed the car to the Kendall walk. "You seem to be hissing more lately. It's very unattractive."

"I have more important things to think about," said Sally, "than being attractive." She picked up a small red purse and a book entitled "Human Behavior" and prepared to follow her mother into the house.

"Hey, Sally!" Joe Bunson's voice began with a rumbling baritone and then jumped an octave on the last syllable. Over the hedge flew faded blue jeans and a radical crew haircut. "Sally!"

Sally sat down on the front porch and eyed Joe thoughtfully. "You

said you were having your hair clipped. That was obviously an understatement."

"Cooler this way," Joe stretched himself out on a step at Sally's feet. "Your old man—I mean Dr. Kendall get off to the army okay?"

"Yes." A sigh was wrung from Sally's overburdened soul. "And he left mother entirely in my care."

"Whew! I feel sorry for your mother."

"Joe Bunson, just what do you mean by that?" Sally straightened herself indignantly.

"Junk it, droop! You know what I mean. You and your psychology. Always asking nosy questions full of four-dollar words." Joe plucked a blade of grass and tickled himself behind the ear. "Y'know I can't figure out why I'm interested in you. I never saw a brainy woman yet that had any glamour."

Sally let her eyes rest once more upon the semi-nude head of Joe Bunson. "Speaking of glamour. Have you by any chance looked into a mirror recently?"

"A man—" Joe's voice did another octave jump and he cleared his throat loudly. "A man has got to be rugged to appeal to women. But now you take a girl. A girl ought to just keep quiet and look glamorous." His glance strayed from Sally's rumpled hair to her dirty saddle shoes. "You're a mess. And not only that but you talk too much." Joe shook his head slowly. "I don't know why I don't get myself a girl like Blossom Curtis."

Sally stiffened. "That moron!"

"Yeah, she's pretty dumb, but she sure has got glamour."

"You're free to leave at anytime, Mr. Bunson. Nobody's holding you." Sally became engrossed in a page dealing with how to overcome human behavior.

Joe stretched lazily. "Like to go to a movie?"

"I'd love to but I'm afraid my mother is going to demand my undivided attention until she adjusts herself."

"Okay." Joe grinned wickedly. "Guess I'll have to take Blossom."

As he hurdled the hedge without a backward look Sally repented her hasty decision. Possibly her mother might have got through just this one afternoon without her.

IN FACT for the next few days it seemed that Laura's adjustment to her husbandless life was going to be surprisingly rapid. Then she found two grey hairs.

"I'm getting old," she said dramatically, "before I've ever really lived."

"Oh, oh," said Sally, "here it comes!"

"Here what comes?"



Piercing black eyes looked into Laura's and then back at the tea leaves. "Romance beckons and Madam must not turn away."

ilse shank

Campbell's
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SCOTCH BROTH

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TOMATO SOUP



M A D E B Y C A M P B E L L ' S I N C A N A D A



Helping Themselves to Health

By Adele Saunders

IT MIGHT have been the gymnasium of a men's club. Everywhere I looked, games were in progress. Along one alley men were pitching horseshoes; over on the side were games of shuffleboard, darts and quoits. As one of the players made a good shot, a cheer would go up from the bystanders.

But the centre of attention was the ping pong table. As the two lads battled the ball back and forth, their expressions were a little more intense than might be expected, and the faces of the people watching reflected this strain. It wasn't until one player came

into full view that I realized he was running round on a wooden peg instead of a leg and at times balancing pretty precariously. The spirit of competition made him forget pain and awkwardness—made him forget he was playing the game not for fun but to toughen up the stump of his right leg so that when the time came he'd be able to wear an artificial one without too much discomfort. His opponent, an Air Force boy of 22, had received a fractured spine in a plane crash. For weeks he'd lain in a plaster cast and now, as he reached out to smack the ball, he was closely watched by a girl

Occupational therapy, born of the needs of the last war, has become a skilled and vital service in our hospitals today. Men whose fighting days are over now play and work their way to health and peace of mind

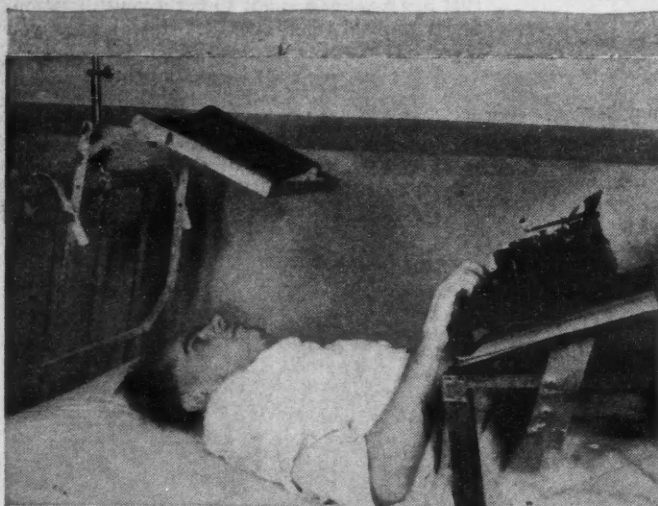
in green and white uniform, one of the therapists, who made mental notes on how much mobility there was in his arms and back.

It all looked perfectly casual—just a matter of choosing a game and a partner. Actually it is special remedial treatment, prescribed by the doctors in Christie Street Military Hospital, Toronto, as carefully as surgical operations or powerful medicine which has to be measured with the greatest care. These girls in the occupational therapy department are undertaking one of the toughest jobs of the war—the first steps in rehabilitating disabled soldiers. All kinds of casualties come under their care, from less severe injuries, which without this treatment would cause stiff joints and lameness, to serious "amp" cases—men who have lost arms or legs; or men who have received fractures and gunshot wounds which resulted in paralysis.

PROBABLY A soldier's greatest fear is that he'll return home so badly wounded he'll be unable to look after himself and take up a normal life again. "Sure I'm alive, but what's the use of living if I'm nothing but a crotch?" are familiar bitter words in our hospital wards. Therapists aren't discouraged by this first reaction. They've seen too many of these lads start out with the firm conviction there's nothing worth striving for and then slowly but surely regain joy of living and interest in the future as the treatment begins to show results.

Take the case of one soldier who returned from overseas a few months ago with both arms amputated just above the elbows. When he arrived at the hospital he was discouraged and helpless—didn't care if he lived or died. The first job of the therapists was to coax him to help himself. To the stumps of his arms they fitted steel hooks which

Continued on page 37



Left, above: To become an expert typist when you're flat on your back with a spinal injury takes plenty of ambition, but it's one sure way to learn the "touch system." The O. T. staff rigged up this frame to hold copy overhead.

Left: It's a great day for these soldiers with partially paralyzed hands, when they learn to co-ordinate brain and finger movements by playing Chinese checkers (with pegs) under the watchful guidance of an occupational therapist.

Top of page: These men are drawing a table map which will take weeks of fine work and concentrated effort. * All photographs on this page show groups at work at Christie Street military hospital, Toronto.

Left, centre: Carpentry is a favorite form of exercise in the O. T. workroom. This lad uses a bicycle lathe to put finishing touches on woodwork, also to strengthen ankle muscles by working the treadle with a war-injured leg.



quite strongly, so they opened the wide French windows. "I don't like things shut," Derek said. But he sat close to the blazing warmth of the log fire. Mrs. Linton had gone to her room to rest, and Judith would have left the lovers alone, but Felicia stayed her, "Don't go," she said. "Let the patients die. You have the most important patient right here. Let Derek tell you about his operation!"

Derek's eyes followed the young girl as she moved restlessly about the room, touching the flowers, moving a book, with her small, beautiful hands. "Would you like some music?" she said as if she had suddenly remembered that he was fond of music, and was relieved, like a person finding an adequate toy to offer to a visiting child.

Derek said, "If you'll sing."

But after standing near the shining grand piano for a moment she said:

"Later. I don't feel like it, on a full tummy."

Derek said to Judith, "I hadn't really remembered how lovely she is. I thought I had, and there were the photographs. But I see now I haven't remembered the half of it."

Felicia blushed faintly. "Thank you, darling." But Derek's eyes were closing. He was fatigued, though he had resisted the suggestion that he should go to his room and rest. The dog, though it had not remembered him at all, was blatantly doing the right thing, resting its head against the stranger's knee, making a terrific bid for popularity. Derek, fooled, had his hand on the shaggy head.

Judith got up and taking Felicia's hand led her out into the garden. "Let him go to sleep," she said. But when they were outside and alone she did not know how to begin what she had to say.

"He doesn't look too bad," she said. "The scar on his head hardly shows. They made a good job of that."

"He's terribly thin." Felicia was taut, stretched to the ultimate point. You felt that any moment there would come a shiver, a snap, and she would shatter into fragments. She added:

"And he is different. There is something deeply different. Something out of reach that I'm frightened to reach, yet I feel I should."

"That's temporary. Derek is really terribly resistant."

Felicia seized on that. "You mean he can take . . . anything?"

Judith drew in her breath. "Most things," she said. "Some things perhaps no one could take, if they came at the wrong time. On top of . . . too much. I mean if you've kept your head above water until your heart nearly burst, and reached dry land and safety, and then found you had to face fearful odds again . . ." Her tone changed. She said harshly:

"Felicia . . . a man called Bill Summers came here this morning."

Felicia turned as white as paper. She swayed and Judith put an arm around her.

"Has he gone? Where is he?" The words were so low that Judith hardly heard them. "At the inn," she said, and Felicia made an involuntary movement of departure, as a needle might leap to a magnet. Judith's heart felt like a stone in her breast. Heavy and cold. She said:

"Darling, you can't go to him. Not yet. Not now. I promised I'd tell you he was here. Let me tell you about it."

She told Felicia all that had passed and Felicia did not interrupt, or say anything for some time after silence fell. She was rubbing her hands together as if they were cold, or had no feeling,

"I don't know what to say," Judith said, "except that there are different ways of loving. This kind of thing you feel for Bill Summers, that's a kind of madness. But you can get over it, just because it is *too* intense."

"I wouldn't know," Felicia said. "I've never felt it before. But I don't believe you."

Judith said, "Then you mean to . . ."

"No . . . oh no! I know what I've got to do. I've done enough to him—to Derek. I hate myself," she was speaking now in a febrile, heart-breaking way. "Judy, I tried. Not hard enough. But I knew I'd have to give Bill up, if Derek still felt the same."

"And he still feels the same."

"Yes. And he doesn't guess. I . . . believe me, Judy, I've not let him guess, not for a second. It isn't really impossible, because I'm so fond of him, and so terribly sorry for him. But I couldn't help hoping that he would have changed. Or even . . . if we could have had more time . . . if the wedding wasn't to be at once. Two more days . . ." She looked around wildly and you felt that all her distress was centred in this fact, of the trap closing so quickly, of the hours pressing on her, hemming her in . . .

"I'm frightened to ask him to postpone the wedding. What reason could I give? Except reluctance, which would hurt him just as much. He isn't a fool. And he wants it like this. We talked about it. He said . . . asked me if I loved him, if I felt the same. I . . . I made him believe I did, and then he said we'd be married at once, as we planned in our letters. He seemed . . . more relieved after that. Judy, I'm so *foul*!"

"Darling, no! I wish I could help you . . . know what is best for you to do."

"You always have known," Felicia said, pathetic, desperate. "You always do know what's best. Remember how I said you ought to do a 'Hearts and Flowers' column in the newspaper." Her attempt at a smile wrung Judith's heart. She said stiffly, carefully, "This time I can't help. I can't say anything. You must make your own decision."

"I suppose so. But I've made it. I'm going on with the wedding, Judy."

SHE LOOKED like the young Joan, with her head high-held, her casque of smooth gold hair, and the Air Force blue of her modern battle mail. Judith, used to her beauty, was still able to be a little shocked by it, so that she caught her breath and thought, Summers might die of it. Men do sometimes. When the means are to hand. As they are today, when danger and death can win great prizes. She thought, should I stop this? And if I do, will it be for Felicia, for Derek or for Summers?

But she could not be sure of that, and remained silent.

Felicia was saying, "You do understand that I've got to see Bill?"

"Yes, but do it my way, will you? You don't want gossip. You know what the village is like. And I've committed myself."

They heard Derek's voice behind them, calling from the window as he stepped out.

"What's the idea, running out on me?" He shivered, saying "Brrr!" as he came toward them, and Judith said, "I'll get your coat. You should have stayed asleep."

Derek looked at her, a deep, bright gaze, and smiled without saying anything.

"I'm going up to change my uniform," Felicia said, in a high, nervous voice.

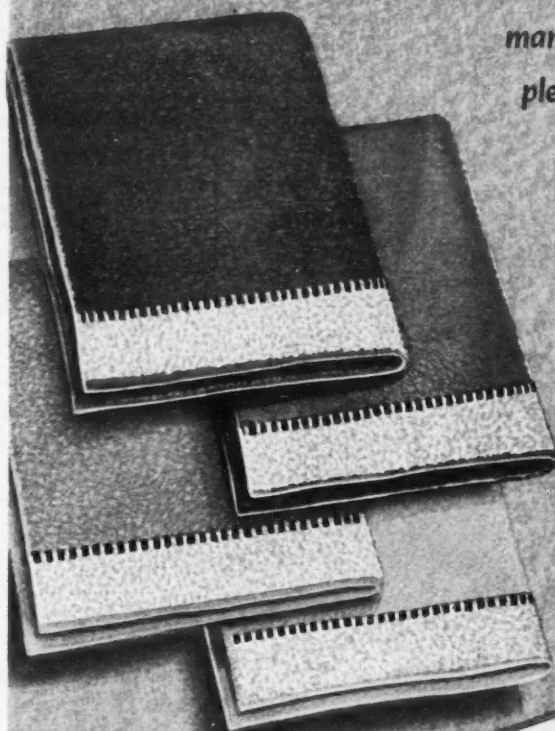


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Release of the Prisoner :: Continued from page 7

don't look the part, if I may say so."

Judith was used to that. It came from having hair as soft as a baby's and a rich caramel in color; her short, exquisitely shaped, upper lip lent feminine mobility to a well-modelled face. She said drily:

"Well, I'm not at all wonderful, I'm a very ordinary G.P., but I dare say I can make you feel less ghastly than you obviously do at the moment."

"Well enough to get on a train," Summers said.

But having attended to the wound Judith had to say, in professional fairness:

"It's not very serious, but you ought to rest, you know. The afternoon up-train comes right through from the coast, and it's always jammed. You'll have to stand all the way, squeezed in the corridor. And you don't feel up to that, do you?"

The young man opened his eyes heavily. "Frankly, no," he said. "In any case, I intend to see Felicia..."

He saw Judith stiffen and smiled bitterly. "Oh, don't worry. I won't make it more difficult for her. In fact I intend to make it..."

easier. But when your girl is going to marry another man in three days' time, you've got to see her. There are things you have to say. You've got to get to the deathbed in time, so to speak. Of course, I don't expect you to understand that."

"Don't you?" Judith said, in such a curious, strained voice that for an instant Summers was distracted from his own misery to look up wonderingly.

But Judith did not enlighten him. She went on quickly.

"I'll phone and get you a room at the 'Red Lion' in the village. You'll be quite comfortable, and then... well, you'll go away from here when you're ready. I'll run you down in the car."

"There's no need for that. I can make it, if I don't lose myself. You have a lot of lanes in this village. I very nearly didn't get here at all. But I met an aged female and she wanted to walk back and show me the way."

Judith's lips tightened. Miss Elliot. And out of this she would make a fine story.

She said angrily, "That woman is the worst gossip in the place. She'll tell everybody... A strange man looking for Felicia almost on her wedding day. She'll..."

"I think that's utter rot. And anyway, what harm can it do? I've more to worry about than that."

"Well, I'm worrying about Derek. It would be hateful for him. Hateful! Having them all gossiping... even if he never hears it, it's humiliating for him."

"Well, it's too late now," Summers said, getting to his feet.

Judith said, "I'll pretend you've come to see me."

Summers eyed her in some astonishment and she blushed faintly. "I don't get it," he said.

"What I mean... I'll insinuate

when we get to the 'Red Lion' that you're sort of, well, my..." she stopped.

"Your young man?"

Judith did not look at him. "Well, something like that."

In all his distress Summers was able to feel a little amused.

"I'll be honored, I'm sure," he said, not entirely with bitterness. "But isn't there some man who won't enjoy that?"

"No," Judith said flatly.

"Well... again you don't look it," Summers said. "But as long as I get to see Felicia. If you tell her I'm here, I'll leave the meeting to you, since you appear to be in charge of affairs."

"I'll tell Felicia. Then if she wants to see you, I won't say anything against it. Of course, if she asks my advice..."

"She won't," Summers said briefly, and Judith was overcome by a feeling of helplessness. There was nothing, she felt, which would prevent these two coming together. Except Derek's need.

You could live without your loved one, she told herself sternly. Love, even on its highest, most passionate note, was a sound you could shut your ears to. There was other music in life. Who ought to know that, if not she herself?

BALLET MOMENT

By MONA GOULD

Color, that is like the diffusion
Of the bronze gong
And little tinkling cymbals!
Highlight on hands and cheekbones
Flying Oriental brow
Smooth hair!

Points... piquant as almond buds—
Costumes like Chinese lanterns
Swaying...
Belling in... and out.

Pity sleeps in the curve of her
palms—
Anger in the thrust of her
shoulders.

This is a mask
Come to life
And dancing!

that would be put down to anxiety for her young man, ill at the Red Lion. She wished now that she had not made such a thorough job of her hints to the landlady who had known her since she was a child and had seen no reason to be reticent, saying, "Well now! We've all been wondering when you would find some nice young fellow for yourself..."

Half the village would have heard about Bill Summers before long, and the fact of his coming down at this particular time, for Derek's homecoming and Felicia's wedding, an intimate, family occasion, would prove there was "something in it."

Well, I should worry about that, Judith thought, and got out of the car. The train was signalled and as the crossing gates were closing she went on to the platform. It was decorated with flags and bunting, and packed with people, and in this jostling noisy throng Judith stood quite still, growing paler and paler until the moment when the train halted and she saw Derek's face at the window. Her heart was thumping painfully as she went to meet him.

"Home again, darling Derek," she said, smiling, her eyes filled with tears.

"Home again, Judith, love," Derek said, and bent and kissed her, with his arm round his lovely Felicia as if he could not bear to let her go even for an instant.

AFTER LUNCHEON they went into the living room. The sun was shining

bells did not effectively prevent their hearing their own thoughts?"

Felicia, somewhat unconventionally, had got up early and insisted on being allowed to help in the preparations. She had explained herself to Judith, saying desperately:

"I can't stay up in my room. I can't. I've been awake for hours. I'll have to do things, Judy! Do things all the time. Or else be with Derek. As long as I'm with him . . . he's so sweet . . . I know, while I'm with him, it is all going to be possible. But I can't find him. Mother said he went out to the stables after breakfast, but no one has seen him since."

At 11 o'clock Felicia went upstairs to dress, but Derek was still missing, and Mrs. Linton was the first to grow apprehensive.

"Something might have happened to him," she said. "He was looking awfully worn last night, really ill, I thought. Judy, would what he's got the matter with him make him faint or anything?"

Judith said that was unlikely. But she decided to go and look for him. After all, it was his wedding day, a great and serious day, and she knew him so well that she knew in what state of mind he might be, and where he might go to find serenity and a calm mind. There was a point, on the other side of the gently rising slopes at the back of the house, which commanded a view of the whole valley. Hidden from the village, one could sit there, in the shelter of the sloe and elderberry and blackberry bushes, and look across miles of fields, wherein hardly a roof was visible. It was like the rim of the world, where the sky dipped down and met the color-chequered earth.

She slipped a phial of restorative into her pocket, and as she tramped across the wind-lifted grass, she became more and more certain that that was where she would find Derek, and when she saw him, sitting on a lichen-covered log, she called out in relief, hastening toward him. But he had turned at her call and when she saw his face clearly, she stood stock-still, her heart pounding in her breast.

"Derek, my dear! What's the matter? Are you ill?"

He frowned, as if this issue were too far off, too difficult to contemplate. "I don't know," he said. "I don't think so."

They Dress the Stars :: Continued from page 4

jackets with plain skirts; and such touches as pocket trims and tiny throat-line bows made of the two colors used in the costume.

For the future she predicts a lowered waistline, slim lines and simple hats, as a relief from the fancied-up concoctions of the last year or two.

EDITH HEAD'S office and fitting rooms are a kind of social gathering place for the big names of the Paramount lot. When she paused in the middle of a final smoothing out of Marjorie Reynolds' glittering evening gown to sing the praises of simple design for today, we practically sneered, "Like 'Lady in the Dark,' maybe?"

"But that was a 'dream' picture," she explained, smiling. "Except for the spectacular costumes used in the dream sequences, we got our rich effects with color, spectacular hats and accessories, and good materials." We both smiled. One of the "good" materials we were thinking of was the batch of perfectly matched mink skins in the famous Ginger Rogers' mink dress. And although neither of us mentioned it, we

But . . . Judy, I can't go on with this."

Judith took his hand and held it tightly. "Darling, there's no need to if you don't feel up to it today. It was your wish."

Derek said very gently and calmly, "Not today or any day, Judith. I can't do this to her. She's too lovely and young and . . . I should have told her at once. But you've seen, haven't you, Judy?"

Judith waited, saying nothing, her eyes fixed on him.

"Haven't you seen?"

"I don't know what you mean, Derek."

He lifted her hand savagely. "She's a child—an exquisite, adorable child, and in a moment of madness . . . I know what she sees in me, or why she should have stuck to me. I believed she hadn't, until she convinced me, after we met that morning in London. But I can't do this to her. To tie her up to me, a crock perhaps for the rest of my life, would be bad enough, if I loved her the way she should be loved. But I don't. It's no good."

There was the sound of rushing waters in Judith's ears. She dropped limply on to the log beside him.

"I can't marry her and fail her in every way. I think I've realized it for months past . . . almost from the beginning. But I wonder if you can understand how much alike you are, you two? I had her pictures there, and your letters . . . I think, really, you were one person in my mind. Until I came home. Judy, it was you for years, ever since we were kids. Did you guess at all?"

"I thought it was," Judith said. "Until that summer holiday when you fell in love with Felicia."

"She'd turn any man's head, and she . . . I was the first grown-up man she'd had."

"I didn't know. How could I be expected to know?"

"And now it's too late. They tell me you're on the point of being engaged." His smile was the most bitter, lost thing that Judy had ever seen. For a minute she said nothing, being human, punishing him for her sad, aching years. But the wind suddenly blew the sun into the sky, and some birds on the branch of a leafless tree were heartened, and began a shrill joyous song, as if spring had come.

could have been thinking that it was a pretty successful stunt to publicize the opus.

"Like saving your sugar and making a really humdinger of a fancy cake once in a while, just as a reminder of the lovely things we've had . . . and the ones to come," she said. "For after the war, we are going to be very feminine and as lovely as possible."

Tribute to the woman who has done as much to set their screen personalities as any director was lavishly evident in large autographed photographs of Hollywood's famous around the Head walls. Paulette Goddard's "With appreciation for every stitch" . . . Dorothy Lamour's "With heartfelt love" . . . and Barbara Stanwyck's "You made me what I am today . . . and am I happy" . . . were but a few.

Edith Head works with the art director, the producer, the director and the star, right from the beginning of the script's discussion. With stars, as with every woman, it's important to wear what you like, especially in color. But many girls, as they rise from obscurity to fame, learn to like the things in which



Are you and your family "FOOD CRIMINALS"?



What are "food criminals"?

They are people who think it doesn't really matter if they leave some food untouched on their plates. But it does matter—seriously! Far too many other people are also leaving little bits of food. 11,489,713 people to be exact!

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So won't you start an anti-waste campaign in your home today? Here's how:

1. "Lick your plate clean" and encourage others to do so.
2. Prepare and cook foods to meet your exact needs.
3. Keep foods well refrigerated and covered up.
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This message is contributed in support of Canada's Food Nutrition Programme by the American Can Company, — Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto; and the American Can Company Limited, Vancouver.

SNACKS

Delicious PEANUT BUTTER Snacks

CLARK'S PEANUT BUTTER

"Made by the makers
of Clark's Pork and
Beans and Clark's
Quality Soups"



"You've not seen me prettied up yet, darling."

"I could hardly bear you to look any prettier," Derek said. "But why the desertion? I want to go round to the stables . . . to see Rosinante."

Though she knew he might not feel up to riding, Judith had had his horse brought over from "Greenbush" to the Linton stables. He loved his horses, beautiful, high-bred creatures of whom the best, satirically christened by Felicia, was Rosinante.

"Judy will take you," Felicia said, and he seemed quite content, but after the girls had gone, and he stood there alone, awaiting Judith, his face settled into grim, lost gravity, the deep lines round his mouth seemed more pronounced. Judith heard him sigh as she came near, the heavy coat over her arm.

"What ails thee, Knight at Arms?" she challenged lightly.

But he did not smile. He said simply, utterly confident of her:

"I'm afraid to be happy. Afraid to believe it. How long will this—apprehension last?"

"Until you get back to 'Greenbush' and to work. That won't be long. You're so lucky. Your job will be your cure."

The lines were smoothed out of his face. He looked at her in silence for a while, then said:

"I haven't thanked you for your letters, Judy. I wonder if you have any idea what they meant?"

"I hoped they'd give you 'Greenbush' and the village."

"And they gave me you too," he said. "When your father died and you went into practice here . . . and the way you felt, I ached to be near you all. There was so little I could say, with a censor looking over my shoulder. Did I help you at all?"

"You have no idea!" Judith said lightly.

There was a brief pause, then Derek said, "I'm very, very fond of you, Judy darling."

"I'm very, very fond of you, Derek," Judith said, in the same light tone, and then more briskly: "Well, after this sentimental exchange, I think we'll both go and be very, very fond of Rosinante."

Derek laughed then, joyously, and tucking his arm through Judith's, hurried her, in an access of vitality, along the path.

THERE WERE visitors for tea. The room was full of people. Judith whispered to Derek:

"I wish we could have spared you this. But it's because they like you so much, and they're so glad you're home."

But her solicitude was unnecessary. Derek was quite happy and lively. These were his people. He had known most of them ever since he had known anything. "Don't you worry about me," he said. Indeed he seemed a little exalted. After a while Judith felt it safe to say:

"Felicia, Derek seems to have audience enough without you. I've got to make a call along the Tenton road. Like to come?"

She had telephoned the Red Lion before leaving the house and Summers was on the pavement awaiting the car. The rest had done him good; he had more color in his face, and was quite in command of himself.

Several acquaintances passed by the Linton car and nodded.

"By now all the village thinks I've acquired a follower at last," Judith said, as he opened the door and got in quickly, after one long look at Felicia. Judith tried to speak as if the thing were

amusing, but she got no reply from either of the two beside her. She realized that they literally had not heard her, that they were deaf and blind to anything except the fact of their nearness to each other; though Summers was lighting a cigarette and did not touch Felicia, and as for Felicia, her little hands, lost in huge, clumsy gloves, were firmly on her lap.

Judith found that it was all unbearable and she accelerated beyond the point of caution, in the narrow, twisting lanes, until she came to a turn-off. Then she stopped the car, saying,

"I'll be about half an hour. Will you meet me back here? I'll wait if you're not here."

Summers got out, and Felicia, following, stumbled. Then his arm went round her tightly, savagely as if he would never let her go again. Judith drove off.

But later, when she got back to the turn-off, only Summers was awaiting her. There was no sign of Felicia. Summers was smoking the inevitable cigarette, his face looking unnaturally white in the gathering dusk.

"Felicia decided she wanted to walk back across the fields. She said it's not very far."

"No . . . it's not far," Judith said unsteadily.

"You can understand that? Can't you? She said it would give her time to . . . time . . . well, it isn't easy for her to go straight from saying good-by to me, to . . ."

"Of course. Get in," Judith said hurriedly. So they had said good-by. She had known they would. But tears stung her eyes. They drove in silence until she said abruptly, impulsively:

"If you have made your decision . . . try to feel that in the end she might be very happy. Happier than if she had let him down. He thinks everything of her, and he is one of the kindest, one of the best men, I have ever known. And she has known him all her life. She is very fond of him. When he is her husband . . ."

"Yes. Look . . . I'm awfully sorry to be rude, but do you mind if we don't talk about it? It's one of those things. It has to be. I'm not kicking. She was his, first, and she finds she can go through with it. But I'm washed up at the moment. I've had all I can take." He dropped his hand on her knee. "You've been grand. I am grateful, though I don't sound it. I'd have liked you for a sister."

Judith could find nothing to say. "Could you step on it?" Summers said. "I'm taking the 6.15 train."

THE WIND blew wild on Felicia's wedding day. Every time the kitchen door was opened (and it was opened every five minutes) Mrs. Jones moaned about her oven. And the flowers, freshly gathered to embower the living room, looked even more jaded than those placed there three days ago. Relatives had come down the evening before, and scurried about the place, as if they, too, were blown along and made murmurous by the wind, like the world outside the windows. The wedding was to take place at the house, and no one outside the family had been invited, yet the rooms seemed full of people and Judith thought the pageantry of a wedding might be barbaric, but it was a great help. "I wonder," she thought, "how many prospective brides or grooms would decamp if they had a moment on their wedding day to reflect what they were about, if they were not caged in by presents and people and if the sound of door and telephone

Kismet Wasn't Kidding :: Continued from page 15

taxi, and the man who emerged in the derby hat certainly was anything but a cab driver. He helped her mother from the car and then, unmistakably, he kissed her hand.

"P.S. Daddy, I think you'd better come home as soon as you can, but don't worry."

Laura was humming "Love in Bloom" quite loudly as she climbed the stairs, and Sally, feeling sternly maternal, met her on the landing. She folded her arms and waited for her mother to vindicate herself.

Laura swept past her. "Hello, darling." Then she turned back. "Goodness! Why aren't you in bed?"

"I was writing to daddy." "Oh, that's nice. What did he have to say?" Laura continued her flight.

"I don't know," said Sally patiently. "I haven't mailed it yet."

Laura flung the inverted lampshade onto the bed and kicked her sandals into the closet. "Here, Sally. Be a sweet child and unbutton mother's dress."

Sally found it difficult to undo the buttons because Laura kept turning around to describe, with gestures, the evening's events. "There was a five-piece orchestra, too. You know I simply don't see how anybody could be so interesting and still be lonely."

"Who," asked Sally, trying to keep up, "the orchestra?"

"Mr. Frisbee. I feel so sorry for him. He says he's all alone in the world."

"Is he tall and dark?" Sally felt that a complete knowledge of just how formidable her adversary was might enable her to plan a campaign.

"Well, not exactly. But he dances beautifully and we had so many things in common. Grand opera, for instance. 'Aida' is coming on Saturday, you know."

"That ought to be nice and horrible. A lot of squawking sopranos and stuff."

"Sally, I do wish you cared more for the finer things of life." Laura held the bangs secure while Sally pulled the dress over her head. "So Mr. Frisbee and I decided since we both wanted to hear 'Aida' we might as well go together. Won't that be nice?"

"I think I'd better go with you," said Sally.

"But you don't like opera."

"I've changed my mind." Sally squared her shoulders bravely. "I'm just bursting to hear 'Aida.'"

"Why I'm delighted, Sally. It will round you out to hear some good music for a change. You can go to the matinee."

Sally crossed the hall to her own room slowly and meditatively. Taking her father's place might, after all, be too much of a responsibility for a person with so little practical experience. She walked to her desk and unfolded the letter.

"Second P.S. In fact I think you'd better come home before Saturday. I am doing everything I can, but I don't know."

Your loving daughter (again)
Sally.

A FEW days later the postman brought her a letter.

"Dear Sally:

"What the devil are you talking about? Doing everything you can about what? Here I am up to my

neck in work at the hospital and I get that letter full of double talk. What do you mean 'youth fixation'? What's going on, Saturday?"

"I will come home when I can, but it seems unlikely that I can make it very soon. For heaven's sakes explain what this is all about and oblige Your worried father."

Sally wondered how she could explain to a practical man that because of two grey hairs her mother had cast aside repressions she had had for 20 years and had suddenly decided to take a last fling at youth. How could she tell a doctor in the army that because a Hindu mystic in a bath towel had said romance was beckoning, his wife had turned deaf ears to her daughter's arguments and had gone to the opera tonight with a strange man named Mr. Frisbee? The whole thing defied explanation.

It wasn't until the third shower of pebbles clattered against the screen that Sally opened her window.

"Hey, Sally!" came the two-part harmony that was Joe's voice. "Come on down. I wanna ask you something."

Sally let him in the front door. "Please make it brief," she said wearily. "I have something very serious on my mind and I am trying to work out a solution."

"All right. If you're going to be a sourpuss I'll ask Blossom Curtis."

The fact that Joe's thoughts kept reverting to a girl like Blossom showed a decided weakness in his character. No matter how high on glamour, Blossom was appallingly low on brains. "I'm not a sourpuss," Sally explained coldly. "I have a great responsibility."

"Well"—Joe seemed uncertain—"I came to ask you to go to the school hop with me Friday night." He eyed Sally's mammoth sweater disapprovingly. "Have you got a dress?"

"Why? Is it formal?"

"No, but it's—well—you know, wear something kind of glamorous, if you know what I mean. I don't wanna get stuck with you."

"If you think I'm such a risk, why don't you take Blossom?"

"I dunno," said Joe. "I guess I'm crazy. Blossom sure has got glamour, but I keep thinkin' maybe you have possibilities. You know, Sally, you're not a bad-looking girl except for the way you look. Why if you'd kind of fix yourself up, kind of, why you might even be kind of glamorous."

Sally tried not to be pleased, but in spite of herself the words had a warming effect. "Oh, I could be if I wanted to," she said, "but I live on a mental plane. Glamour is for dopes like that moronic Blossom Curtis."

Joe looked doubtful. "Well, you gotta admit it pays off at a dance."

Sally considered the pleasurable possibilities of a two-way triumph over her rival. Perhaps if she had her hair curled at a beauty parlor and got a new dress. "I'll think about it," she told Joe. "If I get this other matter straightened out I might be able to arrange something."

"You might maybe kind of fix your hair different," suggested Joe.

"I'll think about it," Sally repeated, opening the front door suggestively. "In fact I have a lot of thinking I have to do."

Joe shook his head all the way across the porch. "I must be nuts," he muttered. "Blossom Curtis is fulla glamour and I gotta pick a woman on a mental plane."

✦ Continued on next page

Some mistaken

beliefs about

Cancer



✕ Misbelief #1... THAT CANCER IS A HOPELESS DISEASE

Far from it! Thousands of people have been cured of cancer. Many more are being cured now than ever before. This is the result of greatly increased knowledge and skill among doctors . . . of better facilities for diagnosis and treatment . . . of greater public realization that successful treatment depends largely upon early recognition.



✕ Misbelief #2... THAT ALL LUMPS AND GROWTHS ARE CANCERS

This is not true. The symptoms that may indicate cancer are often due to other causes—only a doctor can decide. A leading cancer clinic reports that, of the women examined for suspected cancer, only 11½% actually had it. The important point is that *all* of these women received immediate attention and avoided needless worry.

✕ Misbelief #4... THAT CANCER STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING

Cancer *does* give warning! Everyone over the age of 30 should know these common signs of cancer:

- Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
- Loss of appetite, or persistent, unexplained indigestion.
- Noticeable changes in the form, size, or colour of a mole or wart.
- Any persistent change from the normal habits of elimination.



✕ Misbelief #3... THAT CANCER CAN BE CURED WITH MEDICINE

It cannot! Beware of quacks who promise quick cures using unproved methods. *The only known methods of treating cancer effectively are X-rays, Radium, and Surgery, alone or in combination.* These methods are successfully treating cases which, not many years ago, would have been judged hopeless. Getting to the doctor early is *important*.

Send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "A Message of Hope About Cancer."

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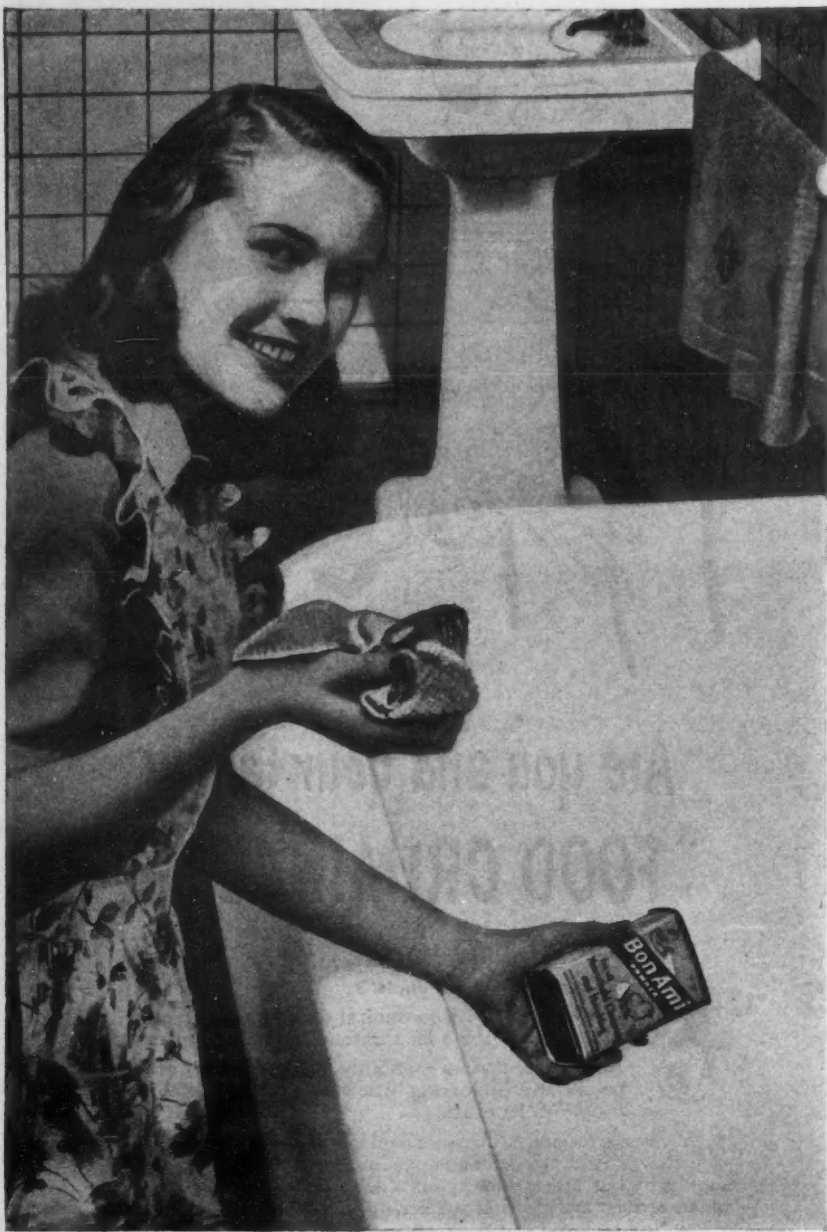
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for all your cleaning

"hasn't
scratched yet!"



MADE IN CANADA



experts know they look best. As Miss Head talked, we watched with unabated fascination as one after another famous figure emerged from the dressing room, carefully and scientifically "foundationed," to try on a costume. It was comforting, too, to have several of them point out with disarming candor their own particular figure fault (if any!) and show us how the designer coped. The developed diaphragm that is the mark of many singers is sometimes a problem, but can be cleverly camouflaged by drawing attention to a good waistline or svelte hips.

The Head has no patience with women who mope around about their figures without doing anything.

"Any healthy, normal woman can have a good figure nowadays," she says firmly, standing back to look at a shoulder drape on Miss Reynolds. "It's a question of exercise, sleep, and a properly regulated diet. And in the long run it's easier and much pleasanter than the endless attempt to disguise unlovely lines and bulges."

Edith makes sketches, then works right on the figure. Clothes are sewn on the star just before the camera grinds; so don't be too despairing of that so-so-smooth line. The camera exaggerates, so it must be done. But a well-disciplined figure and good foundation, along with clothes that really fit are her definition of smartness for every woman.

"A great many women make the mistake of wearing everything too tight," she says, "thus emphasizing any figure faults. Give people a little leeway to guess what's underneath. Ten to one the guessing will be to your advantage."

The Head loves doing sports clothes and dressmaker suits, and believes casual clothes are set for the duration.

"Women just won't be uncomfortable anymore," she says. "We outgrew stays and we outgrew dust ruffles and dog collars. We're not going to replace them with other problem clothes."

She believes we could do with a lot more color, and has just brought back some lovely Mexican things from which she will create dinner clothes. She has a suspicion Canada has lots to offer in source material for colorful, useful sport clothes, and that Canadian women ought to be snugly and gaily dressed for cold weather.

Incidentally, for women who don't know their own best colors, she believes hardly anyone can go wrong in soft bluey green, which she has found becoming to almost every type and coloring.

Tomorrow will bring not only a return to femininity in clothes (comfortable femininity) but a spate of travel and get-around garments that the new flying, motoring, sports and business-minded woman will wear. Already she has a word for them: "kinetic" clothes, as opposed to static.

WE SAT in on a fitting Milo Anderson, over at Warner's Studio, was doing on Faye Emerson. He had been working on costumes for Ann Sheridan, Alexis Smith and Jane Wyman in "The Doughgirls" and took us over to the set to show us how he had developed the mood of the picture and the personality of each girl in her costume. And, as you can see by the picture we took to show you, they are simple, attractive clothes that could be seen anywhere in Canada today. He said:

"Ann Sheridan can wear exotic touches, and in this picture (a story of three brides in Washington) Ann is the most suave and sophisticated. So I did her a white crepe dressmaker suit with blouse, gloves and pouch bag of purple

jersey. She can wear heavy jewellery, so she has a belt buckle, throat ornament and earrings to match. The jacket is a soft pleated tunic type that slenderizes her waistline and gives her length, especially with the graduated pleatings.

"Alexis Smith has a patrician type of beauty, and is very tall. I've subtracted from her height by a two-tone jacket and skirt and a V effect insert of the dark. The inverted tip of the V adds to her suggestion of patrician good looks. With Jane Wyman—the very feminine, enchanting type—I've done soft curves and a rounded bustline, with a mesh inset to give the tunic effect without losing height."

Anderson believes that mood is extremely important in clothes, and says that he always works extra hard to get a good "entrance" costume so that the player will get off to a good start with the audience when they first see her. This is just as important to the average woman. In any new group or situation she should establish her best possible personality. They will remember her like that, even if she isn't always up to it later!

Greatest dress fault of the average woman, as this designer sees it, is that she forgets to look at herself all over before she okays the finished product.

"There's the girl who spends hours on her front hair and forgets that people see the back just as much. Or forgets that the side of her head, her ears, her neck, the back of her shoes and heels, the hang of her hemline in the back, are all important factors in the over-all pictures people get of her. She is also apt to forget that while she makes up and finishes dressing sitting down, most people appraise her when she's standing up."

He has a special word for the tall girl who develops bad posture by slumping. "Look at Alexis Smith," he says, "a tall girl who stands up and looks proud and lovely. There's nothing to be ashamed of in being tall."

EDDIE STEVENSON, who holds forth at R.K.O., wishes every woman could see some rushes of herself when she's dressed in what she thinks is most becoming.

"You'd be surprised at the girls who hold out for their own ideas against ours, until they see themselves on the screen. They soon learn to appraise their appearance as coldly as though they were looking at a complete stranger."

Eddie reads the script of a picture, and designs the clothes that will fit the girl, the character and the mood of the play. He is a great believer in contrasts. When he is designing clothes for a brunette, like Olivia de Havilland, he uses a lot of white and light colors; for a blonde he likes to work in dark tones. But he has one important point to make.

"Attention-getting clothes are fine, as long as they do not detract from the scene, the face of the wearer, and the part she is playing," he says. "And that goes for real life, too. If a hat or a dress is so spectacular that no one remembers what your face and your character are like, or if you are overdressed for your part—whether it's in a Red Cross meeting, an office or a shop—you're badly dressed."

He believes men are excellent judges of women's clothes, and the girl who avoids what her husband dislikes is usually using a good fashion barometer.

And he thinks the afternoon dress will be a permanent war casualty. Soft suits will take its place, he believes.

There you have the star dressers of the stars—working it all out just for you.

It adds up to pretty good sense, don't you think? ♦

Beauty Culture

A DEPARTMENT OF PERSONAL CARE AND HEALTH



Your Shining Halo

Photograph by Pagano, New York

By ADELE WHITE

Beauty Editor

NOTHING in your appearance matters as much as your hair. You may have perfect features, be as slim as a sapling, but if your locks are drab and stringy you'll have three strikes against you in feminine charm. On the other hand, tresses that are alive-looking and lustrous act as a shining halo for your face. It isn't the color that counts; you may be a golden girl, a redhead, a chestnut brown or a gypsy brunette—and it's heads-you-win if you know the secret of treasuring your tresses.

Let's think in terms of a flower garden. If you're a good gardener you know that no matter how much effort you put into the parts that show, plants won't blossom unless the roots are healthy and well-nourished. And that's how hair reacts. External beauty aids, such as cutting and styling, can accomplish just so much, but your secret weapon is a beautifully clean, well-brushed scalp, plus a balanced vitamin-rich diet. Then you'll cultivate the sort of topknot that makes you lovely to look at, always.



ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB

On her Day of Days

WEDDING pictures from the album of the former Suzette Livingston, of Toronto, and Ensign Robert Curtiss Montgomery. With her prayer book, Suzette carries a single white orchid—a perfect complement to her brunette beauty and the exquisite freshness of a complexion kept lovely with Woodbury, made for the skin and skin alone!



1. The groom beams, as they cut their wedding cake. Suzette will continue to do her wartime bit by working at her servicemen's canteen.



2. Meeting on a Blind Date, he reads her palm . . . tells her "somebody" has fallen hard for her charm and her smooth, kissable complexion!



3. "How soft and fresh my skin looks after my Woodbury Facial Cocktail! The secret is plenty of lather, then two rinses—warm and cold."



4. Follow the Marrying Woodbury Debs! For skin that invites romance it's Woodbury, the Facial Soap with the costly ingredient for mildness!

BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN—BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS ★ MADE IN CANADA

EVERY NIGHT Laura's bedroom floor thumped with the violence of her exercises and on Thursday morning she came down dressed in one of those fluffy little-girl pinafores. Sally choked on her bran flakes. "Egad, mother, you look about 12."

Laura's giggle sounded twelvish, too. "Mr. Frisbee says I look much too young to have a 13-year-old daughter."

"I was 14 last week," Sally repeated it patiently. "And you were 25 when I was born so that makes you—"

Laura nipped the equation in the bud. "Run and get ready for school, dear."

It wasn't the psychological moment, but time was getting short. "Mother, I'm going to need a new dress for tomorrow night."

"Why, Sally!" Laura looked pleased. "That's the first time I've ever heard you ask for anything but a size 38 sweater. Mother will buy you something pretty when she goes down town tomorrow."

"I don't want something pretty. I want something glamorous."

"Yes, dear, something glam—What on earth does a child your age want with something glamorous?"

"It's rather a personal matter, mother. I have been challenged, and besides I'm no longer a child."

"Well, we'll talk about it later. You're going to be late for school."

"And don't you think it would be more glamorous if maybe I had Pierre set my hair?"

"Yes," said Laura incredulously. "It certainly would."

Pierre, however, was quite stubborn about an up-sweep. He said Sally wasn't the type. Well, at least her hair was curled tightly now, and it wouldn't be hard to pin it up herself. She borrowed a handful of hairpins from her mother's dressing table and practiced until bedtime Thursday night.

It looked a little like animated corkscrews on Friday, and Joe said, "I hope I'm not making a mistake taking you tonight instead of Blossom."

Sally smiled mysteriously. If her mother didn't let her down about the glamour dress, he'd soon find out. Her braces were so loose a little tugging would dislodge them, and with a pair of her mother's high-heeled sandals she could more than give Blossom a run for her money.

Laura was still downtown when Sally got home that evening, but the box from Milady's Dress Shop was lying on the porch. Sally hurried to her room with it and shut the door.

The tissue paper rattled softly as she opened the box. "Egad!" She held up the daring creation and saw a cascade of coral taffeta ruffles and a peekaboo net top. "Egad!" she repeated. Here was GLAMOUR in the extreme, and Sally wondered uncomfortably if maybe her mother hadn't gone slightly overboard. She wanted to astound Joe, but she didn't want to shock him to death.

Then a truck marked Brown's Florist Shop drew up in front with a screeching of brakes and Sally ran to the front door. It would be a gardenia from Joe and she wouldn't have anything to pin it to!

She tore open the box. There in a bed of leaves lay a dainty corsage of Talisman rosebuds. With dread misgivings she read the card. "See you tonight at eight, lovely lady," and it was signed with a flourish, "Randolph Frisbee."

"How sweet!" Sally hadn't heard her mother come in. "My favorite flowers!"

"Mother, I think you should send them right back." Continued on page 30



This LIPSTICK gives LASTING LOVELINESS

"The MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK"

The allure that Don Juan gives to lovely lips is beauty that lasts. Don Juan stays on. It's kiss-proof. It tells no secrets. You'll like Don Juan better, too.

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Make Time ON THESE

Sketches by Ursula Rennie



Work up a Glow! And now we come to the part of your beauty routine where speed is a virtue. Cleansing and massaging your face at night should be done on the double, to whip the blood up into your cheeks—because that's what counts in cultivating a lovely skin. With a circular movement, massage cream into your face, starting from the point of your jaw up to your temple, around your nose and upper lip. Then from the base of your throat work up to your chin—if there's any sign of a second one, better indulge in some extra brisk pats in that area.

Pulling a Fast One. If you do your daily brushing in a slow, languorous way, you might as well call the whole thing off—it's pretty much a waste of time. Vigorous, fast-as-fast-can strokes, right from the roots to the ends of your hair, will set your scalp a-tingling and give you a definitely shiny finish. Incidentally, it's an awfully good exercise for firming upper arms. A worthy goal is 50 strokes at a stretch—then if you get wound up, you do 50 more! Brushing is excellent for both dry-scalped and oily-haired sisterhoods.



Constant Nymph Type. You'll combine calorie counting with exercises, if you aim to stay in the size 14 group. Because just being thin isn't good enough—you must be graceful as well, with curves in the right places—don't count on dieting alone to do the trick. You've got to snap into your daily dozen with pep and vim. It's a good idea to bend and stretch, swing and sway to music, so you'll combine speed with rhythm.

Beauty and the Bath. The most important part of your beauty routine is your daily bath. For the first 10 min. you lie completely relaxed in the warm water, to soak aches and weariness from your body. You luxuriate in your favorite-smelling bath salts or oil. Then comes the time to spring into action. With a soft brush you scrub yourself, paying particular attention to that area between the shoulder blades and the back of your neck. After you're soaped and rinsed, you rub yourself briskly with a roughish bath towel until you're aglow, from head to toe. You feel wonderful!



You can have Softer, Smoother Skin in just 14 days

HELP YOUR SKIN RETAIN YOUTHFUL ELASTICITY



Want a complexion smooth as shoulder skin?

How often a woman wishes . . . that her face looked as young as her shoulders. Compare *your* shoulders with *your* face. Isn't it true they look years younger? You see, shoulders stay smooth, soft, *elastic*—while faces have pores clogged with make-up, unable to breathe for hours at a time. And when pores can't breathe, skin becomes wrinkled and prematurely aged. But this needn't happen to *your* complexion. Palmolive offers an easy, proven way to help retain youthful elasticity in your skin.



Use face cloth for 60-second lather massage.

You can look younger in 14 days! Each time you wash, (use a face cloth) massage warm, rich, vitalizing Palmolive lather thoroughly into your skin for . . . one full minute. Now a quick rinse and pat dry. Remember, it takes only a minute, but it's that *60-second* massage with Palmolive's gentle lather that activates your skin's circulation, clears the pores and lets them breathe. Oily or dry skin retains its elasticity—becomes younger-looking again.



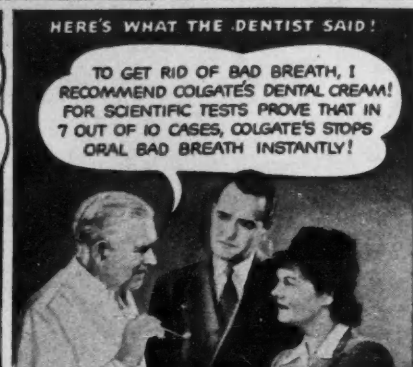
In 14 days have a lovelier complexion

Palmolive offers you believable proof! Palmolive's 60-second Beauty Massage has been scientifically tested on 1285 women by 36 doctors. And 1016 Canadian women have tested it in their own homes. Their reports prove conclusively that—in just 14 days—Palmolive's 60-second Beauty Massage brings lovelier complexions. Try it yourself for two weeks—starting today. Let it help make your skin as soft, smooth, young-looking as your shoulders.

NEW
IMPROVED



KEEP THAT LOVELY
SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION..



COLGATE'S NYLON TOOTHBRUSH SPECIAL VALUE
COLGATE NYLON BRISTLES CAN'T GET SOGGY **29c**



Take Time ON THESE

By Adele White

Don't Cheat the Clock on Make-up. These days when we're all looking for shortcuts to save precious minutes, it's a wise girl who knows when to slow down and when to speed up. Here we divide your beauty routine into two groups. The first can't be hurried without unhappy results—the second is a case of the faster the better.

Don't be a slap and dab face-fixer. The extra minutes you spend each morning in putting on makeup smoothly and expertly will save time in repair jobs during the day. When it's properly handled, makeup should stay put for hours at a stretch.



All That Meets the Eye should be handled with the greatest of care. Whether you use eye makeup or not is a matter of personal taste, but it must never be obvious—just a secret between you and your mirror. If you do a hurry-up job, you may emerge in bright sunshine looking like something left over from last night's Fun 'n' Frolics burlesque show. A smooth blending of eye shadow, from the middle of the upper lid to the outside corner, is the first step; follow it with mascara, on the upper lashes only, and applied to each lash separately.



More Haste—Less Speed is a good warning when you're applying nail polish. It's a test of will power to sit still long enough, with your hands held out in front of you while three separate coats thoroughly dry. The first is a base polish, the second color and the third a clear protective finish. It will take about 15 min. for the full treatment, but it should last for a whole week without repairs—otherwise bits of polish are forever chipping off and giving your fingers an unattractive mottled effect.



That Finished Look is the result of a final back and front full view of yourself before you step out. It makes all the difference between being all dressed up and being immaculately groomed. You'll avoid embarrassing faux pas such as stray hairs on your shoulders, an ill-fitting collar, a skirt that does a whoop-de-do down in the back, or stocking seams like corkscrews. To make a perfect whole, each detail of your costume must come under pretty critical scrutiny—then you'll be as spick-and-span as a soldier on parade.



PICKING THE WINNER



By Adele White

YOU'VE GOT to be a pretty good sport—and have lots of courage besides—to stand up in front of a couple of thousand spectators and be judged, from head to toe, on how high you rate in the beauty market.

Perhaps you think beauty contests are a lot of ballyhoo. If so you should talk to the personnel manager of a large war plant—as I did, the evening I was asked to judge one of these contests. He told me they were one of the best ways of keeping up morale among the girl workers. When you've spent all day on a production line, filling shells, tending machines, turning out airplane parts, and when you're tired and grubby with oil stains on your face and hands—it takes something pretty dynamic to make beauty and feminine daintiness seem worth the trouble involved. But morale, they've discovered at this great plant, does boil down to cleanliness and neatness and making the most of oneself. So beauty contests, with substantial prizes, have become one of the important parts of the recreation programs in these factories manufacturing the materials of war.

To the strains of "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody," 25 girls, dressed in their working uniforms of slack suits and bandannas, filed out on the stage. Each girl had a number pinned on. It was a question of elimination at first—we (the judges) marked off all the ones with bumpy figures, irregular features, unfortunate dental handicaps. Then we turned thumbs down on those who had no flair for showing themselves off—the ones who giggled and were embarrassed—until eventually, after nearly two hours of judging, there were only four left.

They were all beauties, as they walked with perfect composure up and down the

ramp in front of us. It was going to be a tough job to choose the winner. The two other judges (males!) disagreed with one another and they both disagreed with me! We were at a deadlock. So we decided to break down our opinions into five categories. Each girl would be marked for the following points: (1) carriage; (2) figure, (3) personality; (4) complexion; (5) hands and teeth.

It took much more time and the audience got pretty restless waiting to hear our verdict—but it was the only fair way. When we finally compared notes, we found that the same girl had come out with highest marks in each of our scores. Were we surprised! It wasn't the girl any one of us had chosen previously. The winner got consistently good marks for everything. The others rated high in some things but lost out in others. One girl, for example, had wide spaces between her front teeth—could have been fixed when she was a youngster but too late now. Another girl had ungainly hands, and the third walked with a slouch. She was tall and had the mistaken idea if she stooped she would seem shorter. I longed to tell her to straighten up, stretch to her full stature, and make the most of what, after all, was a distinctive asset!

The winner was no breath-taking blonde, no dashing brunette nor flashing redhead. She was the all-Canadian type with chestnut hair, fair skin and grey eyes. It was her attention to detail—her carriage, her complexion, her hands, smile and trim, straight figure—all as perfect as possible—which did the trick.

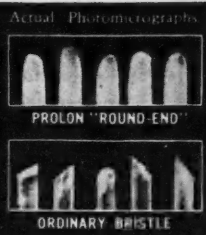
When our choice was announced over the loud-speaker, there was a roar of applause, which reassured us we hadn't been wrong in our verdict—she was definitely the Popularity Kid of the plant! ♦

Chatelaine's Beauty Editor reports some interesting findings after judging a beauty contest in one of Canada's great war plants

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PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC
NO LONGER BUYS MY BRISTLE!



For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



Remember this, the next time you buy a tooth brush: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

Among these new synthetic bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than Prolon, the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Only PROLON has "Round Ends"

Prolon, in fact, has a very important plus which no other synthetic bristle has. It is the only bristle that is rounded at the ends.

Yes, it's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

P.S. We also make this 25¢ brush . . . the best buy in the lower-price field.



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Lowest priced Nationally Advertised
Tooth Brush in the Country

MADE IN CANADA

*Why have Rough, Grimy Hands?
Use this old family remedy*



Vaseline
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY
MADE IN CANADA
CHESBROUGH MFG. COMPANY, CONSD.
NEW YORK, N.Y. MONTREAL, QUE.

WORKERS in many munitions plants have discovered a new way to protect their hands against the grime, grit and dirt which become ground into the skin of fingers and knuckles, and against the roughening, chapping effect of harsh cleansers often used on hands when the day's work is over.

Before they start work, they rub 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly well into the hands. This protective coating helps to keep dirt and grime from working right into the skin. When work is over, hands are easier to wash clean quickly.

'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly also softens rough, red hands and helps to heal tender, chapped skin.

So use 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly daily. The trademark VASELINE is your guarantee of absolute purity.

Chesbrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal.

* 'Vaseline' Medicated Preparations provide an inexpensive First Aid Kit for the home or when travelling.

Try 'Vaseline' Carbulated Petroleum Jelly for minor cuts, wounds and burns and 'Vaseline' Borated Petroleum Jelly for inflamed eyelids, or nasal irritations.



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Beauty BREVITIES

THIS IS the time of year when you're specially conscious of your feet—how they look and how they feel. In hot sticky weather they need an awful lot of attention to soothe and comfort. Here are some tips for a homemade pedicure. Soak your feet in warm soapy water—but not long enough to soften the nails; rinse and dry. With the rough side of an emery board file the nails straight across. (Don't round the corners as this encourages ingrowing toenails.) Now smooth the edges with the smooth side of the emery. Work back the cuticle with an orange stick with the tip covered in cotton wool. Apply a deep shade of polish and put small tufts of cotton wool between each toe during the drying process.

Ever watch your sister travelers hanging on straps on crowded streetcars or buses? They can, unwittingly, perform the strangest contortions. With sway backs and unrestrained tummies, they swing back and forth looking like human "S" signs. They may spend considerable time each day in these quaint positions—plenty of time to do permanent damage to backs and posture. It's too bad someone doesn't throw them a word of warning. Oh, well, you and I know better, don't we?

Here's a word to wives who like their spouses to keep a healthy thatch of hair on their heads as long as possible. Dandruff is one of the commonest contributing causes of baldness. Watch for the first sign of it and then encourage the man in your life to rub hot oil into his scalp, with vigorous massage, two or three times a week and shampoo his hair frequently with special anti-dandruff shampoo—there are excellent ones on the market.

Every day and in every way foundation creams are getting better and better. They're fine-textured and a long-lasting powder base, and they're designed to give a creamy moist look to your complexion, and to cover any small imperfections or blemishes. Just dot a little on your forehead, cheeks, chin and nose and smooth it all over your face. Don't use too much—it's wasteful and will have to be wiped off before your face powder will go on evenly.

by adele white

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



HOW YOU CAN AVOID THE DANGER OF DENTURE BREATH

TEACHER, is little Janie difficult, inattentive, stand-offish? Maybe it's your . . . Denture Breath! Of course you think that brushing your dentures keeps them wholesome as can be. Watch out! It is hard to reach all the crevices in your plate with a brush and ordinary cleansers . . . and you are apt to scratch it, causing food particles and film to collect, cling tight and cause Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE — SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT

DO THIS EVERY DAY. Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse — and it's ready to use.



What's more. . . your plate material is 60 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. Since Polident needs no brush . . . there's no danger. Besides, the Polident way is safe, easy and sure.



"What a difference!" Teacher is now one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the safe modern way to keep dental plates and bridges clean. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe and use Polident every day. Polident helps maintain the original natural appearance of your plate for less than 1¢ a day. At any drug counter, 40¢ and 75¢ sizes.

Use
POLIDENT
Daily

TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

Stafford-Miller (of Canada), Limited
172 John Street, Toronto 2, Canada

HOME FRONT

Chatelaine's Ottawa correspondent brings you facts and forecasts concerning the changing picture of wartime living

WHEN YOU think of it, it's a pretty impressive thing, the way Canadian households for the past five war years have not lacked any of the necessities of life. We have been getting these essentials in spite of the fact that the enemy is still in possession of some of the world's richest producing areas, and that immense numbers of ships and crews are needed to carry supplies to the battle fronts, and millions of workers all over the world, formerly employed in growing and making commodities, are in the fighting forces.

The Wartime Prices and Trade Board, responsible not only for keeping prices stable but also for obtaining adequate supplies of essential goods for Canada's civilians, points out that when one source of supply was cut off by war, other sources had to be found. The United Nations have pooled their stocks of essential materials, and each gets a fair share of what is available.

Dried Fruits. We receive prunes and raisins from California, and raisins from Australia; supplies of these are expected to be larger this year. Shipments of currants, from Australia, will be about the same as last year. Before the war we obtained some stocks of currants from Greece, sultanas from Turkey, and a quantity of raisins from Africa, but these sources are now supplying Britain and the armed forces exclusively. Dried dates are produced in Iraq and Iran, fresh dates in Tunisia, but none can be spared at present. Dried figs are products of California, Turkey and Portugal, and Canada will receive a share of the 1944-45 crops.

Nuts. A substantial shipment of shelled and unshelled peanuts arrived from the United States a few months ago. Ample supplies of peanut butter are coming on the market, large quantities of peanuts for this purpose having been received from Nigeria. Walnuts, from the California fall crop, are expected to be available again. Formerly, walnuts also came from France, China and India. Brazil nuts are not being exported because the labor required to gather them is needed in the rubber plantations. We will receive almonds from Spain and Portugal and filberts from the State of Oregon.

Jelly powders are expected to be in more abundant supply, as considerable quantities of gelatine are due to arrive from Australia this year. The United States is another source. Gelatine supplies were greatly restricted at one time, because our former sources included Great Britain, France and The Netherlands.

Rice is being supplied to us by the United States, where it grows in Louisiana and California. We used to get it from China, Burma and India as well, and since the war have received some stocks from Mexico.

Spices. No limit is set on the quantity of cloves, allspice and ginger which may be imported from Jamaica. Supplies of nutmeg and mace are expected from the West Indies, cinnamon from Ceylon, and an allocation of pepper from the United States. Synthetic spices are permitted to be made, provided their prices are not higher than the ceilings on natural spices.

Vanilla is produced in Madagascar and the West Indies, and supplies are adequate.

Olives. The ripe ones come from California, the green from Spain. Supplies are plentiful.

A reason why some commodities, such as walnuts and olives, are available is that restrictions imposed under the War Exchange Conservation Act have been lifted. For some time shortage of United States dollars affected imports of nonessential goods, but that situation is past.

Flannelette production has increased so greatly that some wholesalers and retailers have refused further shipments because they are overstocked. No retailer need be short of this fabric if he will ask his wholesaler for larger supplies. Production of children's clothing has been running at a high level, too, and stores can obtain increased quantities.

Ration note. Cranberry sauce requires no coupons until September 1, when it goes back on the rationed list.

GINGIVITIS

may be attacking your gums this very moment!



Watch out for
 ✓ BLEEDING GUMS
 ✓ TENDER GUMS
 ✓ IRRITATED GUMS
 ✓ INFLAMED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May get it—Neglect often leads to dreaded PYORRHEA

If you want your teeth to continue to look healthy and handsome—don't neglect your gums! *Healthy teeth need firm gums.* And one of the most common enemies of healthy teeth and firm gums is GINGIVITIS, which may attack 4 out of 5 people.

While Gingivitis is a mild gum inflammation—*never* neglect it, because it often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth which only your Dentist can help. So see him every 3 months. Then at home here's—

One Best Way To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. Forhan's is the *first* and original toothpaste made *especially* for both massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural brilliant lustre. Forhan's also helps remove that acid film which so often starts tooth decay. No wonder so many dentists have used and recommended Forhan's for so many years! At all drug and department stores.

How 95% GINGIVITIS CASES Improved in 30 Days!

Clinical investigation shows that a 30-day test was made with hundreds upon hundreds of people who had Gingivitis. Approximately half were first given dental prophylaxis. ALL were instructed to massage their gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. In 30 days—95% of the Gingivitis patients *improved!* Get your tube of Forhan's today—start massaging your gums with Forhan's tonight!

MADE IN CANADA

use **Forhan's**
with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS — CLEANER TEETH





*Clings...
like a lingering hope...*

Clinging quality of Three Flowers Face Powder eliminates need for frequent powder "touch-ups".

Though amazingly fine in texture, lovely Three Flowers Face Powder has clinging qualities that make it stay on much longer. Smooth as satin — soft as velvet, Three Flowers goes on evenly over your complexion. It "stays put" and eliminates the need for frequent "retouching".

Light as a summer zephyr, delightful Three Flowers Face Powder highlights your natural beauty.

Famous Three Flowers Face Powder doesn't cake, streak, "dust" or blow away. A selection of colour-blended shades ensures perfect harmony with your natural colouring. Next time you need face powder, ask for Three Flowers . . . you'll like it!

FOR SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS . . . 60¢ EACH



three flowers
Face Powder · Lipstick · Rouge

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KNITTING FOR ALL contains 320 Pages, 70,000 Words. Over 400 "how-to-do-it" Photographs, Drawings and Patterns show clearly step by step what to do and how to do it. Everything is made so clear that beginners simply cannot go wrong; and experienced knitters will find scores of new outlets for their knitting energies.

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Knitting for Beginners—first principles clearly explained and illustrated; and much more besides!

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Money will be refunded if you are not satisfied with the book, and return it in five days after receipt—in good condition and postpaid.

HOME BOOK SERVICE, 210 Dundas Street W., Toronto 2, Ont.

Kismet Wasn't Kidding Continued from page 24

"Of course I'm not going to send them back. Mr. Frisbee is taking me to the Happy Hunting Ground tonight. We're going to have dinner and dance. Won't that be nice?"

Sally gasped. Things were supposed to go on at the Happy Hunting Ground that wouldn't go on, for instance, at a meeting in the YWCA.

Laura was halfway up the stairs. "Oh, Sally," she called back brightly, "mother's going to take a little nap. Be sure to wake me up when my dress comes. And I'm so sorry I couldn't find anything you'd like in your size. But you always look sweet in your blue chiffon." Her door had closed before Sally could find any words.

So that dress hadn't been for her after all. Her mother was not only going to a notorious night club alone with a strange man but she was going in a Carmen get-up of coral taffeta. That is unless Sally could stop her.

SALLY TIPTOED up to her room and placed the offensive garment back in its box and then she slid the box under her bed. When Mr. Frisbee came she'd just sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk with him and maybe she could make him give up her mother before things had gone too far. Sally made a few careful notes. Arguments that would surely appeal to Mr. Frisbee's better nature. If he had one.

The cuckoo chirped merrily and Sally noticed that it was 7.45. She dropped the pen in alarm. Seven forty-five. Her date was in 15 minutes and she hadn't told Joe she couldn't go with him.

She walked down the stairs, her head held high, her determination firm. Joe must be sacrificed on the altar of duty.

A telegraph messenger was about to ring the door-bell. "Sorry," he said, handing her the frayed telegram. "This was delivered to some other Kendalls this afternoon, but I guess it's for you."

Nothing mattered now. Sally read the words absent-mindedly. Then with a groan she read them again.

"Arriving This Evening 8.05 Train Love Arthur."

Any minute her father would be here and so, she thought with dismay, would Mr. Frisbee. She could see them coming up the walk together eyeing each other suspiciously. Then her mother would come down, saying all sorts of incriminating things, and then perhaps Dad would beat Mr. Frisbee up. That would be pleasant to watch but it wasn't worth having her home broken up just for a moment's pleasure. Her own personal feelings—yes, even losing Joe—seemed unimportant in the light of this new crisis.

Sally ran up the stairs at breakneck speed. She pulled the dress from under the bed and, throwing off her sweater and skirt, she eased herself into it. She lowered her lingerie straps over her arms and tucked them securely out of sight. The expanse of thin net over skin made her uncomfortable and she thought of compromising with a scarf but reconsidered. If you were going to do a thing, you might as well do it thoroughly.

She flung her new set curls high on her head and stuck pins in haphazardly. Then she tossed a red bow jauntily on top. The lipstick smeared a little because she was hurrying so, but the general effect, although startling, wasn't bad. She put her camel's hair coat over

✦ Continued on page 32

Dissatisfied?



Dissatisfied with the skin you see in the mirror? Don't give up. Remove this outer skin with its stubborn flaws by invisibly peeling it away with **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM**. The skin beneath is whiter and clearer—so much fresher and smoother.

Buy a jar of **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** today.



Facial hair off and out with **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY**. Quickly removes hair below the surface. No stubble, reappearance delayed.

PIMPLES

Try Cuticura for the prompt relief of unsightly, blotchy pimples; Cuticura promptly helps clear up

BLACKHEADS

Scientifically medicated. Used by many nurses. Buy at your nearest druggist today! Made in Canada.

CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

MOTHERS! TRY CUTICURA BABY OIL



Peace of Mind with Safe Easy Way to **FEMININE HYGIENE**

ONE WIFE'S SECRET: "My eyes were opened, and peace of mind followed my discovery of **Sanitabs** for personal feminine hygiene. Here, at last, in a dainty, simple, dependable way to solve the intimate problem which faces so many, many wives."

Now Every Married Woman Can Use Safe, Dainty Sanitabs

Imagine a tiny, snow-white, easily-inserted tablet so powerfully germicidal, that it destroys all germs quickly. Yes, **Sanitabs** kills germs the instant it touches them. Yet **Sanitabs** are safe—they will not scar or harm the most delicate tissues. In fact, they're soothing, cleansing, and tend to promote healing! **Sanitabs** remain effective for hours. They destroy unpleasant odors. They coat and protect tissues. Yet **Sanitabs** are safe and gentle—and so convenient to use! **Sanitabs** give you the dependable, safe, feminine hygiene protection you crave. Now you can banish old, clumsy, uncertain methods forever and enjoy new peace of mind and security.

ORDER FROM YOUR LOCAL CHEMIST **Sanitabs** are sold by your Local Chemist and we invite you to ask him for them. Be sure to say "Sanitabs." If more convenient, send only \$1.00 with coupon below for supply of 16 tablets packed in hermetically sealed vials and mailed in plain package. If not delighted, return unused contents in 30 days and your money will be refunded. **Order Now!**

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I want to enjoy the comfort and security of **SANITABS**. I enclose \$1.00. In plain package, please send me 16 Tablets (in hermetically sealed vials). I may return unused portion within 30 days and you will refund my money.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

FASHION

A Department of Style, Home Sewing
and Needlecraft

Favoring 40

By Lotta Dempsey

DRESS YOUR age... but make it seem the best-dressed age a woman could be!

That's the way Mollie McGee feels about clothes. At 40 or thereabouts, as the better half of the well-known radio and movie team, Fibber McGee and Mollie, her following is in the millions. Watching her work on her program and at the RKO-Radio studios (where she's busy on the new feature, "Heavenly Days"), you feel that she couldn't have looked smarter at any age. Even Mrs. Uffington would admit that.

We thought you'd be interested in the kind of wardrobe Mollie feels is right for a woman of her age and appearance. (She's not very tall and not very slender.)

So here it is, as selected for Chatelaine, with a reason for everything, and everything fitting into a well-planned whole.

She believes in good tailoring with soft touches for the woman over 40. Now is the time, she contends, to use all the wits and wiles of good design, becoming color and subtle line to arrive at the most attractive possible version of you.

On this page and the next you'll see four of the favorite outfits of the good-humored lady of Wistful Vista. They're prints and tailors, and she says in her wardrobe these are practically year-round wearables!



In the large picture Mrs. Fibber McGee wears a black and white print ensemble with cleverly cut tuxedo, appliqued on the shoulder with a motif from the fruit-flower print.

She loves slenderizing pep-lums, as in this finely figured black and white general-purpose dress. The bodice is in surplice effect for a soft line.

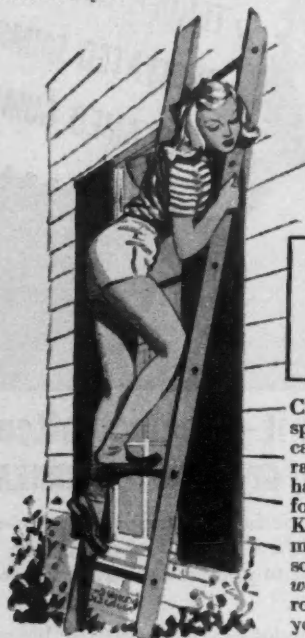


Are You in the Know?

What's wrong with this picture?

- ☐ The rose is on the wrong lapel
- ☐ The Lieutenant is allergic to roses
- ☐ He's forbidden to wear non-military ornaments

Your rose may be as precious to him as a campaign ribbon. But—only military ornaments are permitted on an officer's uniform. Be sure about military etiquette! And to be sure of yourself, on "trying days" choose the napkin that doesn't show even under your filmiest formal. With Kotex, you needn't fear telltale outlines, for the ends of Kotex are pressed flat—different from other napkins because they're not thick, not stubby. Thanks to this patented Kotex feature you'll pass inspection always!



Would you say she was—

- ☐ Planning an elopement
- ☐ Practicing fire drill
- ☐ Slimming the fatted calf

Climb up the ladder to bareleg beauty! Daily sprints up stairs or ladder will trim chubby calves. And try this: Lie on your right side, raise left leg high, touching ankle with left hand. Then reverse. Mild exercise is good for you on "problem days". And you'll find Kotex different from ordinary napkins... far more comfortable. For rather than just "feel" soft, at first touch—Kotex stays soft while wearing. Unlike flimsy pads that bunch and rope, Kotex is built to hold its shape—to give you longer-lasting comfort.

If you're smart about nail polish, would you—

- ☐ Do your right hand first
- ☐ Do your left hand first

Maybe it seems like the hard way—but you'll save time, temper and polish by painting your right hand nails first! Let the awkward left start the lacquering job, to avoid smudging. Steady both arms on the table. Your social rating demands neat nails, good grooming. And personal daintiness calls for a powder—Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant—to remove risk of offending on days when a deodorant is doubly important. Use unscented Quest with sanitary napkins, and stay surely flower-fresh.



Know your napkins—

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins



*Trade Mark Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

TIPS FOR TEENS—To know how to stay in the fun—to know exactly what and what not to do on difficult days, send now for the free, newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another". Puts you on the beam about grooming, sports, social contacts. Write today to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. K4-9, 330 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ont.

her shoulders and raced back down the stairs just as the familiar long black car pulled up at the curb.

Tearing across the porch she bumped headlong into a soap-scrubbed and Sunday-suited Joe. Joe whistled appreciatively.

"Listen," she told him breathlessly, "don't ask questions now. Just tell my family I'll be at the Happy Hunting Ground."

She hurried on toward the curb, intercepting Mr. Frisbee as he was about to dismount. She pushed him back into the front seat and climbed in beside him. "Drive on," she commanded. "It's a matter of life and death!"

"Your beauty and mystery intrigue me," Mr. Frisbee hardly glanced at the road ahead as he swung around the corner. "Where is this matter of life and death going to take us?"

"Well—" Sally decided to drop the mystery and just concentrate on being beautiful. "You see mother couldn't go to the Happy Hunting Ground so I thought I'd go instead."

"You couldn't be Sally!" said Mr. Frisbee in amazement. "I thought—"

Sally sighed. "I suppose mother's been pretending again that I'm just a child." She started to give Mr. Frisbee a tolerant smile then, remembering the braces, substituted a lifted eyebrow. "You know how women are."

"I used to think I did," he said, "but there are times when they confuse even me." He looked at Sally as if he didn't mind at all being confused.

THE ORCHESTRA was playing "If You Take My Heart Take Me," and Mr. Frisbee hummed along with the vocalist. "Lovely!" He slipped the coat from Sally's shoulders. "Mmmmm! Lovely!" he repeated.

Sally realized too late that she was sitting directly under an amber light. She tried to cover her shoulders with her hands and a wisp of the insecure coiffure slipped from its moorings and slid down the back of her neck.

A waiter hovered solicitously. Suddenly his eyes travelled from the pad and pencil in his hand to the floor beneath the table where they stayed, growing wider by the second. Mr. Frisbee noted the staring gaze and followed it with much the same result. Sally, curious to know what had so completely absorbed their interest, looked down too. There about a chair leg were coiled two dirty saddle shoes topped by varicolored sport anklets, and above this intriguing ensemble coyly fluttered the hem of a silken ruffle.

Sally met Mr. Frisbee's incredulous stare and, forgetting the braces, bared her teeth in a nervous smile. Just then another clump of hair landed on her neck, followed by a shower of hairpins.

"I guess I'll have a chocolate malt," she said philosophically.

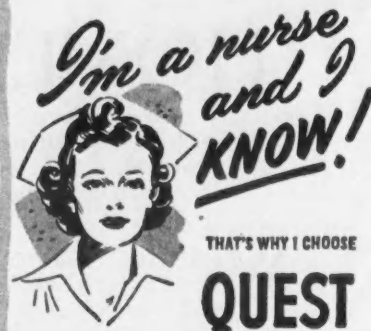
"Make it two," said Mr. Frisbee. He took out cigarettes and was on the point of offering Sally one, but thought better of it. "Well, Sally, I've been wanting to meet you."

"I've been wanting to meet you too," Sally declared. "I want to have a heart-to-heart talk with you." She glanced toward the door. "But I guess it's too late now."

The major led the parade, Joe followed close behind him, and Laura brought up a most unmilitary rear. "There they are!" she said hysterically, coming abreast of her husband.

Arthur laid an angry hand on Mr. Frisbee's shoulder. "What do you

Continued on page 36



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women over 40, she says, the smartly tucked or shirred or pleated blouse is better than the very stern line of the shirtwaist.

Mollie believes strongly in "good" accessories. What woman hasn't a drawer filled with trinkets and unmatching gloves and hastily bought scarves that sit and sit, and finally go out to the rummage sale? Better to select your clothes, a very few of them, very carefully. Then, only, choose with as great care as you do your basic wardrobe, the touches that will give it zest and interest. If you work to one or two colors, as she has done here, you can get one good set of shoes, bag, hat and gloves, and wear them (with possibly a second hat added for a new season) with two or more costumes. Cheap junky jewellery and crazy bags may be all right for the young girl. But the middle-aged woman needs the dignified assurance of good accessories to look really smart.

AS TO hats . . . this is where you can throw off your inhibitions, and have fun doing it! So long as a hat is becoming, it can be gay and colorful and as jaunty as you please. But again, there are "suitable" hats for the woman of 40

that will give her all the flair she wants, without resorting to the frou-frou and tidbits of the junior miss. Do your splurging with color, and keep the contours of your hat becoming to the lines of your face. Gay amusing ornaments, feathers, etc., can also give you an expressive outlet, without detracting from your more mature charm.

Finally, Mollie offers this bit of advice to her sisterhood of the Forties.

When you've said your "Goodnight all" to the day's work, let go with soft lovely feminine things at home. One of the favorite items of her wardrobe this year is an enchanting lavender-blue lounging gown. It's a two-piecer, with rows and rows of tiny shirring at the neckline, with soft tightly-cuffed sleeves banded in deeper blue to match a satin bow at the throat. It's floor length, and the surplice line is again emphasized.

Mollie believes in dressing like the smart, grown-up, sophisticated woman you should be at 40—for the street, the office, the Red Cross meeting, dinner in town.

But at home you can go back and pretend to look like the girl he married . . . and under the soft lights and pleasant spell of a leisurely home-cooked meal, you will!

All Isn't Fair in Love and War

Continued from page 13

"That is not what you promised when you married. You married for better and for worse, in sickness and in health, till death does you part. You happened to have been born in times when 'worse' has to be faced. It's bad luck, but bad luck was part of the bargain. Every human being must be prepared to take the consequences of his own actions."

"And if I find a man I love better, is it fair to go on pretending I love my husband and writing him insincere letters?"

"It is a painful situation, but it would not be fair to give up a man who cannot defend himself. How can you really know you love him less when he has been away such a long time? In all fairness you should wait and hope that, when he comes back, you will find him again what you thought him to be: your life companion."

"All right. I accept the idea that it is unfair to break an engagement—a contract. But is it unfair in love to use 'stratagems and policy,' when there are no engagements to the contrary?"

IT WOULD be absurd to rule out all stratagems. In many a comedy do we see how a stratagem helps two lovers to understand each other. There are cases when it may be necessary for a woman to use her coquetry in order to remain in safe possession of the man she loves;

there are cases when some manoeuvring may be necessary to ward off an unscrupulous rival. Yet we should, I think, emphasize three principles:

The first is that it is morally damnable to feign a love you do not feel. Mere desire is no excuse. Insincerity is never fair.

The second is that we should not, to frighten into submission a reluctant victim, have recourse to stratagems exciting pity. Just as we blame in war the enemy who makes use of the Red Cross or of sacred buildings to protect military organizations, in the same way it is not fair for a lover to take cover in illness, threats of suicide, or even tears. It is unfair to use a person's best feelings to undo her (or him).

The third is that love, true love, should never be turned into a war of the sexes. War begets hatred, not love. What is war? An effort to compel a group of men to do something they do not want to do. True love does not attempt to achieve compulsion, but communion. War disrupts a society; love should establish one. Without fairness there can be no companionship, and without companionship there can be no true love. Fidelity to contracts, which in love is called faithfulness, is not always easy—far from it—but there is no other way to build a nation, or a couple. ♣

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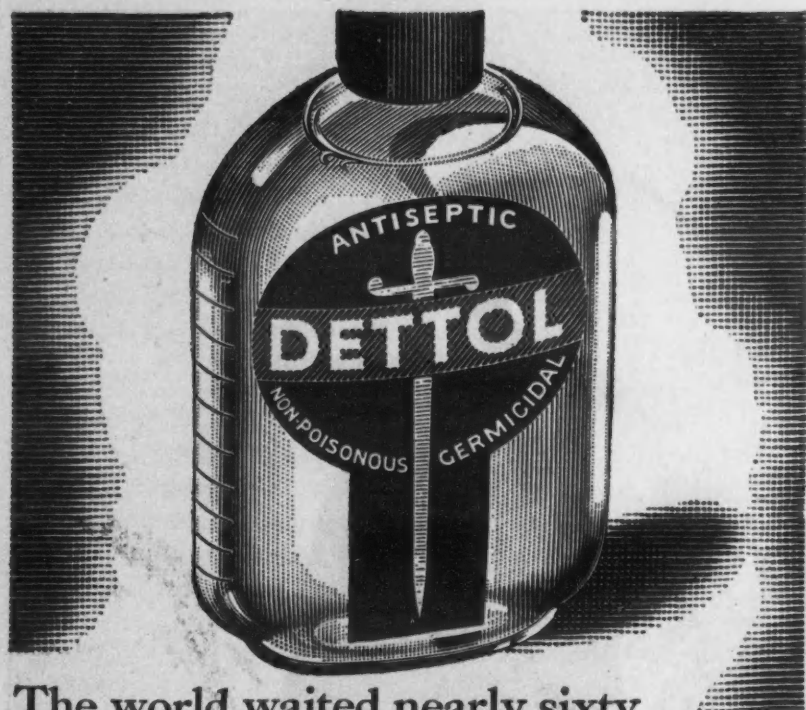


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Mrs. Fibber McGee of Wistful Vista studies clothes as well as soft answers, likes peplums, tuxedo coats, gay hats

THE little woman in Fibber McGee's life makes sense both on and off the air waves. She believes a person should "dress her age." At 40 this popular radio and movie personality believes a woman needs to go into a very special huddle with herself, and study and admit her changing contours, as well as her changing point of view and activities.

The days when she could "get away with anything" in the line of clothes have passed . . . if they ever existed. She's better with one or two well-made, properly designed dresses or suits of good fabric and becoming color, than a half-dozen cheaply thrown-together ones. By wearing simple basic styles, she can get infinite variety with gay hats (be as mad as you like about hats, at 40, she says) and attractive accessories.

For Chatelaine, Mollie selected four outfits for now and early fall—clothes she herself has chosen to wear, and ones she believes have points of interest to other women her age.

Peplums and soft tailoring are her two basic lines of design. We have photographed her in four costumes—two tailored and two dressier ones, and she has interesting things to say about why she chose each.

On the preceding page she is wearing her favorite print ensemble—black and white under a black tuxedo topper. The print is gay, but cleverly designed and well spaced, and the cutting is simple



Mollie wears a grey and white pin-striped jacket over a plain grey skirt. The box cut of the jacket and small high lapels add height and slenderness. Hat and bow-tie are the feminizing touches.

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Ready for a luncheon or an afternoon occasion! The coat is her favorite three-quarter length, beige with a narrow white stripe; she wears it over a brown crepe dress. Brown and beige hat and matching brown accessories.

and tailored. A clever trick for any woman who wants to detract from her hips is demonstrated in the appliqueing of a flower of the print well up toward the shoulder line of the coat. It adds

that special charm we get from matching touches, and also immediately attracts the eye to Mollie's pretty face and interesting hat.

Three-quarter loose hanging sleeves and a well-cut but swinging line to the coat give her figure its best appearance. Because the dress itself is gay, she has chosen a very simple hat and gloves of white, and wears only tiny black earclips with a white line for ornament.

Her other print is one of those all-useful dresses, which she finds invaluable for her work, for shopping or for going out to luncheons. It's black and white too (to make use of the same accessories) but in a very different, tiny all-over print. It has her favorite peplum effect and a surplice top. You'll notice she stays with the full sleeve line and avoids too-short or sleeveless effects, which are usually best on the younger girl.

MANY OLDER women go wrong in tailoring, she feels, because they are too severe. Mollie loves the jaunty sports-like feeling of separate coats and skirts, if they are cleverly matched and well cut. She believes that the length of the jacket is especially important to consider when a woman wants to minimize her hips. And you'll notice that all her coats have the open, rever type front—no tight buttoned-up effects to over-emphasize prominent curves!

Long revers, which draw the eye right down the length of the coat, or very short ones, which allow for a long length of unbroken jacket edge, are both slimming and lengthening, she feels. She likes the three-quarter-length coat, especially in a light color to wear over dark dresses and give them a lift; and she is a firm believer in the feminine blouse to lighten up the dark suit. For

Helping Themselves to Health :: Continued from page 16

could grip things; with these he was able to look after his own physical needs—wash, shave, use a knife and fork and write letters. Then they provided him with small rubber pegs attached to the hooks and with these he was able to learn to type. The enthusiasm of the therapists in thinking up new kinds of contrivances was so contagious and the results so encouraging, that presently he began inventing things for himself. In other words, in a short space of time they gave him a new and absorbing interest—not much of a substitute for two perfectly good arms, it's true, but at least something to start building on.

Too much sympathy is not a good thing. A matter-of-fact, practical attitude, plus understanding, liberally flavored with humor, is the best weapon to fight despondency. As one worker expressed it, "Once a lad starts checking up and taking pride in his own progress, we know we've got him over the first hump."

Occupational therapy is medicine's latest handmaiden. It's any activity, mental or physical, which is specially prescribed by the doctor in charge, for the purpose of hastening recovery from disease or injury. The job of the therapists is to salvage, to re-educate; to make one group of muscles do the work of another; to restore function to disabled muscles; and, perhaps more important than anything else, to replace a feeling of abysmal loss and despair with renewed interest and hope for the future.

WITHIN THE past few months there has been started a new venture in occupational therapy to provide the final treatment for men who leave hospital but who still aren't ready to return to

luxurious lounges, games rooms, work-rooms and a library. This rest home has been equipped with a complete neuropsychiatric setup; full medical care and the most modern treatment are provided along with group therapy.

Group therapy is tremendously important in cases of mental exhaustion. It consists of talks given by psychiatrists, followed by informal discussions



Hand-weaving is excellent for limbering up stiff arm and hand muscles. The loom fits comfortably across the bed patient's knees.

where men get their personal problems off their chests. The belief is that neurosis can be controlled and conquered if it's brought out in the open, frankly discussed, and the cause and symptoms thoroughly understood.

There's a healthy happy holiday feeling about the place which is due to a large extent to the friendly, intelligent nurses who are specially chosen for this job. There's a certain amount of kitchen work and gardening to be done, but it's shared quite willingly by the "house guests." The idea is to get away, as far



Craft work and games are helping to speed up recovery in our military hospitals. Leather work, model airplanes, checkers, chess and jigsaw puzzles leave little time for boredom.

civilian life. These men are suffering from nervous exhaustion. They may have seen months or years of service in the various battle zones. They're worn out mentally as well as physically, and they need a complete rest cure under the supervision of expert psychiatrists. Scarboro Hall, a comfortable, rambling house, about 15 miles outside Toronto, has been taken over by the Government for this purpose. It overlooks wide blue stretches of Lake Ontario, and is set among shady trees, green lawns and flower gardens, with large terraces spotted with inviting deck chairs and tables. There are all kinds of outdoor sports—tennis, badminton, swimming pool and lawn bowling in summer, skiing and skating in winter. Indoors there are

as possible, from regimentation and to make these men feel they're individuals—and mighty important ones at that!

Here's one lad's opinion of Scarboro Hall, "Gee, what a change! Imagine only two of us in a swell big bedroom with a bathroom off it! Pretty smooth, I can tell you—just like a plush hotel. I gained six pounds in 13 days."

OCCUPATIONAL therapy isn't confined to the armed forces. It has become an important remedial treatment in all our large hospitals from Halifax to Vancouver. It provides diversion for patients who have to face long periods of hospitalization; it prevents them from becoming chronic invalids. Light sewing, knitting and leather work are

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Kismet Wasn't Kidding

Continued from page 32

mean by bringing my daughter to a place like this?"

"Why, daddy," Sally evinced a calmness she didn't feel, "it was my idea. I've decided to be the glamorous type."

Arthur turned on her furiously. "You are going to get thoroughly paddled." Then he stared at her shoulders. "Where are your clothes?"

"I cut the top off one of mother's dresses to make it more glamorous," she told him, keeping her fingers tightly crossed. Laura gave her a grateful look. "Mother, I want you to meet Mr. Frisbee, an old friend of mine."

"How d'ya do?" said Mr. Frisbee gravely.

"And this is my father, Major Kendall, Mr. Frisbee. Daddy is kind of old-fashioned, but a very charming man."

Mr. Frisbee nodded but seemed not entirely convinced.

"I'll show you how charming I am." Arthur reached for the coat and drew it up over Sally's shoulders. "You come along with me, young lady."

"Yeah!" said Joe masterfully. "You come along with us!"

"And this is Joe Bunson, Mr. Frisbee. The glamour was his idea in the first place."

"Yeah," Joe sized up Mr. Frisbee, "but I think you kind of overdid it."

The waiter was bringing three extra chairs and Laura collapsed into one. "Oh, dear," she said, "I think I'm going to faint."

Arthur hurriedly seated himself next to her and proceeded to rub her wrists with muscular strokes. "Bring some water," he told the thoroughly befuddled waiter.

"And three more chocolate malts," said Sally, motioning Joe to the other chair beside her.

"By all means!" Mr. Frisbee seemed glad to be able to add something constructive to the conversation. "Three more chocolate malts."

"I hope you're satisfied, Sally," Arthur stated gruffly as he continued to work over his wife. "You've made your mother ill with your ridiculous behavior."

"I'm terribly sorry, daddy, but I can explain everything. You see—"

Laura came to speedily. "Now let's not talk about it another minute. I feel much better. In fact I feel fine!" She turned admiring eyes toward her husband's waistline. "Doesn't Arthur look romantic in his uniform? He's getting his old figure back."

Sally felt as if she were going to cave right in from relief. The crisis was passed. "Kismet!" she said.

Laura's eyes were shining. "Yes. There was a tall dark man after all."

Sally smiled cordially at Mr. Frisbee. "Are you going to be around long?"

"I don't think so," said Mr. Frisbee softly. "Not long."

"Why, then, this is practically your farewell party, isn't it?" Sally raised the chocolate malt the waiter had placed in front of her. "To Mr. Frisbee," she said.

Joe and Laura imbibed deeply and Arthur, after a moment's indecision, reluctantly followed suit.

Laura reached for Arthur's hand and smiled lovingly, Sally reached for Joe's hand and smiled glamorously, and Mr. Frisbee, not smiling at all, reached for the check. +



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to you..



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side of the patient's mind. In other words, all activity must be kept as near as possible to everyday life, and the patients must learn to associate and co-operate with others. Housework and carpentry, weaving with bright colors to stimulate interest, shopping, concerts and movies are all part of the week's program in the O.T. treatment. Patients are under constant supervision so that the therapists may judge progress by watching their attitude toward their companions and their ability to concentrate on some task or amusement.

Anxiety neurosis and great depression are common symptoms of mental illness—the belief that everyone is against you; that you're a complete failure and good for nothing. O.T. can sometimes change this attitude by very simple methods. For example, a farm woman who came to the hospital for observation and who refused to take the slightest interest in her surroundings, was one day persuaded to go into the garden where other women were at work. She watched laconically at first, but became interested in another woman who was using a hoe awkwardly and inefficiently. Her good farm training got the better of her lethargy and she showed this woman how hoeing should be done. Others came up to ask her help; she became the authority on gardening and from that small start she gradually got back the feeling of self-respect and an interest in living.

Another woman in the same hospital, who had suicidal tendencies, became very popular with both nurses and patients because she could play the piano. She was the centre of attention each evening as she provided entertainment for the whole hospital. This gave her the stimulus she needed to help conquer the feeling that she had "nothing to live for."

ONTARIO and British Columbia have the only occupational therapy clinics run by the Workmen's Compensation Board. This has been a singularly successful experiment. No one can deny the great value and the economic importance of shortening the time of disability following an accident.

These injured men are not mental cases—they're just as eager as anyone to get back to work as fast as possible and earn their full pay once more. Along with the usual O.T. equipment such as craft work, games, gym classes, bicycle saws, etc., the Ontario clinic has rigged up all kinds of devices to help in rehabilitation for the job. The idea is that each man should practice his own particular trade. I saw one man piling bricks just as a child plays with blocks—he was building a brick wall and building it higher each time until he could handle as many bricks in a day as his work required. Another man was throwing gravel from one pile to another

and back again—he was preparing to return to work in a gravel pit. Still another man, a former sign painter, was building up strength in his shoulder muscles by raising and lowering a compound pulley which the therapists had rigged up with increasingly heavy weights each day—in this way he would eventually be able to raise and lower his scaffold when he got back on the job.

From three to four weeks is the average time a man spends in this clinic. He arrives in the morning at nine o'clock and exercises for a certain length of time on each contraption the doctor prescribes for him. He also takes gym classes and plays games to vary his activities so they won't become monotonous. Therapists believe that change is as good as a rest. He leaves each evening tired, but not too tired and, after a good night's rest, returns the next morning for another day's work-out.

IT'S WOMAN'S work, this occupational therapy. Ninety-nine per cent of the therapists in this country are girls. You can spot them in the hospitals by their tailored green uniforms and crisp white veils. They're friendly, keenly interested in their work and they are trained diplomats. They must be athletic enough to take part in games—they must have a working knowledge of crafts so they can supervise the work of their patients. They must be all-round "good heads" as to personality; the way they treat their patients has a lot to do with the success of the treatment. Lack of sympathetic understanding, indifference and boredom on the part of one O.T. worker might ruin the whole project for those who come under her care.

To become a qualified occupational therapist you must take a two-year course at the University of Toronto, followed by a period of practical hospital experience. You must have a knowledge of psychology and physiotherapy, and you must be prepared to be pretty ingenious under certain circumstances, and exhibit limitless patience under others.

It's an all-absorbing job for the right kind of girl. The war has put it high on the list of careers for women. It is continuously interesting—and there's nothing quite so soul-satisfying as seeing the tangible results of weeks, months and sometimes years of effort; watching someone, perhaps a soldier back from active service, crippled and mentally exhausted, regain his health and peace of mind.

Occupational therapy is no cure-all. The soldier may still have his disability but it will be minimized to the greatest possible extent—he'll be able to cope with it and to look after himself to a far greater degree with this new kind of treatment. He'll learn the philosophy and the methods of helping himself back to health. +

Hold that Waste-line

Because of the labor shortage, paper has become a critical material of war. The bundle of last month's newspapers, the pile of used cartons and the grocer's paper bags which you set aside day by day, for salvage collection, may play an important role on the European fronts. It could make a paper parachute used to drop food to a Commando, or a container for a medical kit, or a package for blood plasma that will save the life of a wounded man.

Waste paper is needed at the rate of 20,000 tons every month from Canadians, but collections recently have been running short by 2,000 tons. You can help meet this deficit by saving all usable kinds of paper coming into the house, and turning it over to your local salvage headquarters.

Support the paper salvage!

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"It's out of this world!" So one lad describes the rural peace and interior comfort of Scarboro Hall, near Toronto, where soldiers suffering from nervous exhaustion are sent for rest and recuperation, under the care of psychiatrists.

given to bed patients before they're able to visit the workroom. In nearly all illnesses it is important to keep up as much activity as the doctor will allow, to stimulate circulation and hasten recovery. In arthritis, for example, as soon as inflammation has subsided, the best treatment consists of carefully directed movements to induce mobility, increase the blood supply to the joints and prevent stiffening.

I visited the workroom of one of these hospitals. It was a beehive of activity—games, craft work and carpentry were all in full swing. The therapist in charge had a specially bright light of enthusiasm in her eye as she told me about the various people under her care. She brought out her "family" album—a large book filled with pictures of boys and girls, men and women, former patients of hers. As she turned over the

look pretty once more. Then we were able to wheel her to the workroom in a spinal carriage where she started basketry and knitting. We fitted her up with a small atomizer so she could squeeze it with her paralyzed hand and we could measure her progress. Eventually she learned to walk, to use our bicycle saw and to play games. When she left the hospital her former employers (candy manufacturers) co-operated with us by giving her the job of sorting and lifting boxes—which was a way of continuing the treatment. She's happily married now and comes back to see us at regular intervals—and I defy anyone but an expert to see any sign of paralysis in her arm!"

The therapist turned the pages. "Now this was a difficult one!" The picture showed a teen-age boy. "He'd had a very unhappy home life and got



Sports are an important part of the occupational therapy program at Scarboro Hall. And in addition to ping-pong, badminton, tennis and swimming, they can enjoy a spot of gardening if they wish.

pages I asked about one snapshot of a smiling girl standing in a flower garden.

"This is one of our happy-ending cases." She pointed to the girl's right arm. "You'd never think to look at her now that her arm was paralyzed. She was in a bad motor accident with fractured arm and leg and head injuries which kept her in a coma for two months. During that time she could have only passive exercise, but as soon as her mind began to click and she took notice of her surroundings, we began O.T. treatment. First we taught her to play pick-up-sticks and anagrams—just to encourage co-ordination of brain and hand movements. She perked up a lot when we shampooed and curled her hair—gave her a facial and made her

himself in such a state of mental turmoil that it actually brought on functional paralysis. He just lay there like a vegetable—wouldn't eat, talk or move. We did everything to catch his interest, with no luck until we hit on a drawing board. He began using a crayon in a hit-or-miss fashion, but in spite of himself he became interested—forgot he couldn't move his hands and broke the spell which was causing paralysis. After that, it was just a case of coaxing and encouragement from us."

IN PSYCHIATRIC hospitals O.T. is a very big part of the treatment. It's used, however, in a slightly different way—the idea being to bring out and develop whatever is left of the normal

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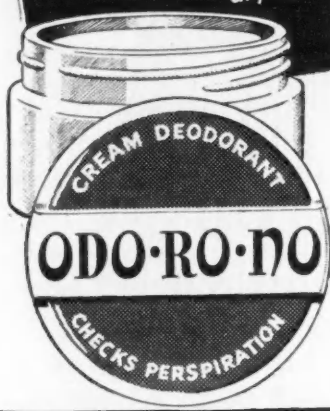
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he wants to him, he draws people. He couldn't be lonely."

Did Vi really believe that? Had Tommy deceived her all the years through his ability to shake off the hurting want of the things that he could not have? No. Vi could not believe that. Deep down, she could not believe it. Vi was not looking at the real Tommy in her mind. Bill Moran was in the way.

Marion's mind hardened against Bill Moran. She discarded all of the desperate stratagems which had occurred to her, dish by dish, as her hands moved from range to sink to cupboard. She could not wire to Tommy and have him come home. She could not talk to Doris Wade and arrange for Vi to take a trip which would give her time to think things through. What she could do was show up this Bill Moran for the weakling that he was, the snivelling exporter of a woman's sympathy. She could have him here in her own home that literally vibrated with memories of Tommy and if she did not make him reveal himself for what he was, then she had forgotten all the arts of being a woman.

SHE SLEPT on that and the next afternoon she met Bill Moran.

He was slender and not as tall as Tommy, about a year younger, too, 22 perhaps. His skin had not tanned, it was merely sun-reddened. His uniform which did not fit him very well was neatly pressed. His eyes were a soft blue, almost grey, and he carried himself rather self-consciously erect. He smiled when Vi introduced him, but his chin quivered just a little bit.

Marion stared at him. He was frightened. He was carrying off this meeting gracefully but he had steeled himself to it. Some sensitive thing inside of him was rebelling against it. His lips pressed briefly together and Marion had a swift memory of another boy who walked around the house picking things up and laying them down. This boy hadn't ever made football teams, either, but he had learned that trick of facing the things that he had to face about himself. There hadn't been a home, either, with things of his own to pick up and lay down. Suppose that Tommy had grown up in an orphanage!

The very thought was too much for Marion and she said polite, inconsequential things without knowing what she was saying. She met Vi's eyes and Vi was pleading with her. "Please like him, Marion. For my sake."

Her attention came back to Bill Moran and she asked him about the work that he was doing. He dismissed it with a gesture. It wasn't very important, just the same thing that thousands of others were doing. The infantry did not have very much to talk about that would interest people. His eyes rested briefly on the picture of Tommy and grew troubled.

Marion had considered the wisdom of removing Tommy's picture for this one afternoon. She had not been sure that Tommy would want it there and Vi might find it disturbing. She had removed it briefly and it had been more conspicuous in its absence from its accustomed place than if she had left it there. By removing it she made it a symbol that was almost a rebuke to Vi. So she had restored it to its place and now Bill Moran was looking at it. His eyes came back to Marion.

He said they had discovered he was a pretty good shot with a rifle.

There it was again, the memory of

✦ Continued on page 43

"Was our Marriage a Mistake?"



1. Like so many wartime marriages, ours had been sudden... on the spur of the moment. At first our happiness was dreamlike. But now Ed was becoming so indifferent, so cold. Puzzled and heartsick, I began to wonder if we had rushed in too blindly...



2. One day, Mrs. S... my next door neighbor... came over for a chat and found me in tears. Desperately, I told her the whole story. "Why, child," she said, "perhaps you're at fault... There's one neglect..." And then she told me how a wife can lose her husband's love through carelessness about feminine hygiene



3. "Why don't you do as my doctor advises?" she said. "Use Lysol solution for feminine hygiene." She explained how it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes... doesn't harm sensitive tissues. "Just follow the directions," she added. "It's so easy—thousands of modern wives use Lysol."



4. I'm sure now that our marriage wasn't a mistake! Thanks to dear Mrs. S., I use Lysol disinfectant regularly and find it wonderfully effective. Just as she said, it is easy to use... and so inexpensive, too!



Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid.

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Mothers of Daughters :: Continued from page 11

all. Vi was crying, little hard sobs that stirred a score of memories for the older woman.

"I should have known that you'd understand, Marion," she said. "You're so . . . so wonderful. But I was afraid to tell you. It was terribly difficult, terribly."

"I know, dear. But are you sure? Are you sure that this isn't just the emotion of war, pity for the man who has to go away, something outside of yourself?"

This was the mother of a daughter speaking, not the mother of a son. And, merciful heaven, how familiar it all was! The mothers of daughters had been in this room so short a time ago, saying these same trite words while Marion sat aloof in her serene security, the same Marion who parroted those phrases now. She had the sense of sitting outside of herself and looking on incredulously, but the girl's body was warm in her arms and there was a tight something in her throat. Tommy was remote now; only Vi, for the moment, was real. She was afraid for Vi, afraid of the forces that are forever the enemies of women; pity, sympathy, the raw flood of emotion that sweeps through a nation at war. She was pressing Vi close to her and the girl's voice came to her, muffled.

"He knows about Tommy, Marion. He wanted to go away when he heard about him. He wasn't going to see me any more. But he loves me. There hasn't been anyone else ever, as far as he is concerned."

Marion patted her shoulder. There was comfort in the intimate contact, comfort for herself more than for Vi, perhaps. Her mind raced back over the years. There had been a time years ago, the last year of high school, when Tommy and Vi had drawn apart. There had been three or four girls on Tommy's list then, and Marion had been worried about one of them, doubtful about them all. That summer Vi had seen a lot of Greg Donner and for a while it had seemed serious; but Tommy and Vi had been drawn again toward each other. Marion had never known why they parted, nor why they came back to each other. If only this were the same thing, history repeating itself!

Her own heart denied the hope. This was something altogether different. These were not high school youngsters exploring life; Vi and this Bill Moran were adults, a man and a woman thrown together in a swift current of emotion that was flowing out to the war. Vi would never have come this far if she did not already know that it was too late to turn back.

Vi was foremost in Marion's mind again now, not Tommy and Vi, not Tommy alone. She ran her fingers over the girl's hair, remembering the time when some boy had thrown ink into the tawny curls. Vi had been afraid to tell her mother because she knew that Doris would insist upon going to the teacher. Marion had coped with the ink. She stroked the soft hair, remembering.

"Where have you been seeing him, dear?" she said.

"At the canteen. We have taken walks afterward. There wasn't any place that we could go. You know that, Marion."

Marion knew. There would be many wagging tongues if Vi were seen with someone else at one of the shows, at some ice-cream parlor where the old crowd congregated. She would not dare to invite this Bill Moran to her home; Doris was too happy over the prospect of

having Tommy as a son-in-law. Marion closed her eyes for a moment, forcing herself not to look at the smiling Tommy in the picture frame.

"You must bring him over here, Vi," she said, "I want to meet him. Then, we'll work it out some way. It will be all right . . ."

IT WAS a long evening and a longer night. There was nothing that Marion could tell Jim, her husband, and that made it all the more difficult. She always talked problems over with Jim, but tonight the problem concerned a mother and her daughter. He would not understand that. Jim was fond of Vi, but he did not think of himself as her father. He would not understand very well, and experience had taught Marion that a man is no help at all with problems that cannot be explained to him in his own terms.

Jim usually helped with the dishes, but tonight she wanted to do everything herself. Her mind ran less in circles when she had work to do with her hands. The worst circle was the one which involved Tommy. There was a frightful hurt coming to him and she was more than a little terrified at what the effect on him would be. He was living dangerously; a man who flew through the high-pressure courses of wartime needed a clear mind and all his faculties of concentration. What might this loss of Vi do to him?

She was remembering Tommy now as he had been through the years; the freckles across the bridge of his nose and under his eyes at 12, the tight-lipped stubbornness of his childhood quarrels with Vi, the quiver of his chin which was the warning that tears were not too securely dammed behind the bold front. There was the gangling period, too, the sudden disdain for girls and the awkward little attentions to herself, the little acts of thoughtfulness, clumsily done; the lordly waving aside of praise which he, nevertheless, drank in so hungrily.

She saw him again on that final day of high-school football when his last hope vanished, the hope that he would get into the picked team. He had walked aimlessly around the house, picking up things and laying them down. "I don't care about football anyway," he'd said. "I'm better at track."

He hadn't made his track letter, either. There was the period when he was rushing the four girls. Marion had lost him for a time, then. He had not confided in her. He had taken more care in his appearance and he had gone out with a careless good-by in the evening, the hour of his return forever uncertain.

Then there had been his night of glory, his and Vi's, the night that they had made it "official." They had been so very young, so starry-eyed, so heart-breakingly beautiful in their hand-in-hand confidence.

He had gone away to camp and he had been a little frightened under the assumed ease. His lips had set momentarily as they had done when he was small and there was again the slight tremble of his chin. But he had been so straight and manly and clean, so level-eyed and brave and determined. He had had much to dream about, much awaiting his return. What did he have now?

She thought about Vi's: "He will never need me desperately. His life is bound to be rich and full wherever he goes. Tommy draws everything that

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that other boy flashing to life in the small acts of this one. Bill Moran, who waved praise aside, was hungry for it.

She praised him and then her voice was saying, without any conscious planning of her own: "You know I have always loved Vi as much as if she were my own daughter. That is why I wanted to meet you. After what she told me last night..."

He threw one look at Vi and then he was leaning toward Marion, his eyes suspiciously moist. "I love her too, Mrs. Gardener. I never thought that I would. Love any girl, I mean. I never cared much for girls. I thought they were silly until I met Vi..."

His voice hurried on and Marion was remembering another boy who had once considered girls silly, a boy who had turned all of his affections toward herself during an awkward, lovable stage that had been all too short. This boy touched such deep chords of memory. He seemed to be almost forgetting Vi. He was talking to Marion, trying to make her understand something that he was not sure of sufficiently himself to put coherently into words.

This was the boy whom she had planned to annihilate, the boy whom she would show up in her own home. Her strategy tumbled all about her and she was completely the mother of a daughter again. This was something that the mothers of sons, who had no daughters, would never experience; this sudden rush of affectionate understanding, this warm welcoming of the heart to a boy who loved one's younger self. It was impossible to think of him as a rival of Tommy's, impossible to conceive of him in any other role than the one in which he came. He was in love with Vi.

Then Vi was rising and she was saying in a tight little voice that it was time to go. Marion rose and the boy took her hand. His lips pressed hard for a moment and his chin was uncertain. This had been difficult for him. He had feared it in facing it and he was afraid now that, perhaps, he had failed.

Marion blinked back something that stung her eyes. Her fingers tightened on his and she kissed him.

Alone, then, in her room, with its darkened fireplace and the smiling picture of Tommy, she knew a horrible sense of desolation. She had failed Tommy when she should have been fighting for him. Then she thought of Vi. She had not failed Vi. Vi had come to her again, trusting her, and she had not let her down. But was it like this with the mothers who had actually borne daughters?

Did a woman move down the years, favoring her son and spoiling him in the little things, only to rise in the end to the great things of life on the side of a daughter, pushing her son into the background while she stood beside the younger edition of herself?

SHE DID not hear the door open, but suddenly Vi was there in the room with
* Continued on page 52

Descriptions of Patterns

1034—Misses' and Women's Two-Piece Suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 4 1/4 of 35 inch, 3 1/2 of 39 inch or 3 1/2 of 41 inch lengthwise striped material. Price, 25 cents.

1063—Junior Misses' and Misses' Dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3 1/4 of 35 inch, 2 1/2 of 39 inch or 2 1/4 of 41 inch lengthwise striped or plain material. Trimming: 2 1/2 yards of 3/4 inch wide lace edging or 1 inch wide embroidery edging. Price, 15 cents.

4996—Misses' and women's one-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, Waist: 1 1/4 of 35 inch, 39 inch or 41 inch lengthwise striped material. Skirt: 1 1/4 of 35 inch; 1 1/4 of 39 inch or 41 inch. A purchased belt is used. Price, 25 cents.



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The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.
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Simplicity 4996

Hollywood Star Models a Simplicity Winner

1054. The favorite two-piecer that you come back to, time and time again. With patch pockets, short sleeves and front pleats in skirt, it's grand for summer; and if you make it up in a dark color, you'll wear it far into the fall, under your topcoat.

Simplicity
1054

4996. Frances Gifford, of M.G.M.'s "Cry Havoc," shows how she faces dog-days on a Hollywood lot. This Simplicity-designed summer tailor is wonderfully easy to make, and becoming to wear. Note the open notched collar, abbreviated sleeves, simple skirt. Pattern descriptions on Page 43

1063. The princess line is hard to improve on, for figure flattery. Here you see it in a wearable classic for this month or later, depending on your color and material. The five-button front opening, emphasized with frilly lace or embroidery, gives charm.

Simplicity
1063

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

brown beads; sequin bows decorated another—oh, I could go on and on, but you get the idea?

Apron Wardrobe! A dress manufacturer, noticing how popular aprons are, now sells a plain basic dress with three aprons: (1) white cotton apron with black and cerise rick-rack trimming; (2) black and white gingham with black cotton net frill; (3) black satin apron with wide frill of cerise. The aprons button onto the dress—one at a time, of course!!!

Flannelette nightwear! We can't get enough of it down here. And the way they doll it up! Lace trimming—looped wool edgings—boleros in contrasting color—and some of the pyjamas feature wide cut trousers with loop fringe like cowboy pants!

Blue with Maize is repeated so often in knitted sweaters and dresses that it seems to be a color combination you can't beat. Wine with light blue is another good combination. And now they are knitting "slacks" (quite a job, they tell me) which look smart and are certainly warm.

It's a Fad! "Chip on your shoulder." Some of the youngsters are wearing large bright-colored hunks of wood, made into brooches, on their shoulders. "He's Mine." Another craze. His snapshot in a tiny frame, the snap and frame lacquered with colorless nail polish to preserve it, dangling from a cord around Her neck... Workmen's lunch boxes, brightly painted and initialed, used as handbags by the "Younger Set"... Hanks of bright-colored yarn—wear one around your head—the other around your neck!

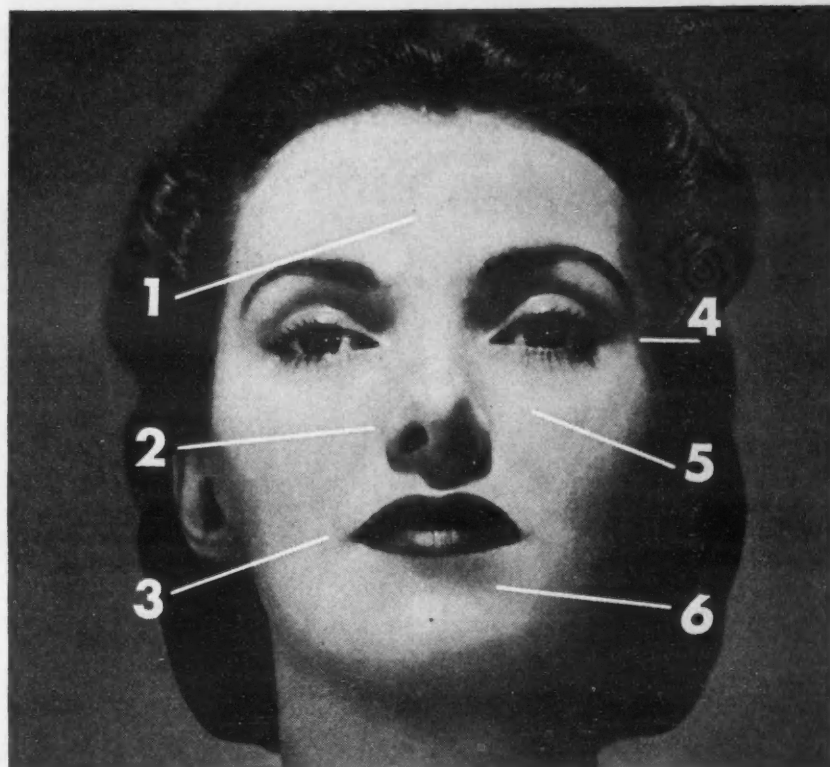
Scarves and other neckwear ideas have more importance than ever, this coming fall. This is the natural outcome of women wanting more color, yet

unwilling to go overboard in spending. While money is fairly lavish, especially among the active war-working women, they find that they have to pay too much for the fashions they want. So, they compromise by buying better fashions, and making them do a better job. Scarves, dickeys, and collars change the face of so many dresses and sweater outfits that the gals are buying more of them than ever before.

Take the Ingredients: a simple, collarless dress. Mix it with: (1) white collar for business wear; (2) sequin bolero or scarf for dress wear; (3) scarf in bright color to form a turban and a duplicate scarf to drape over the shoulders, or use as a "rumba" sash; (4) bright dickey to tie over the bodice of the dress, to change its whole complexion; (5) four bright velvet bows, poised on the shoulders and hips; (6) tie a bright red scarf around your neck—a bright green scarf around your hips—and your dress looks as fresh as a salad. Many an old dress, hanging in your closet, can be cut up to form these scarves.

Matching Hat and Mitts go well with the college and career crowd. Hand crochet these in bright wools, cottons or rayon yarns. Saw a bright green beanie, nobbed in red; the red mitts were fringed in green. Did wonders for a simple little black sweater and skirt outfit.

Another Mother-and-Child Set. Down here they are selling women's sweaters, with matching sweaters for either small boys or girls. Idea! When getting wool to knit your own sweater, buy enough to make a similar sweater for Junior or Sister. "They" tell me that little girls adore this match-mother idea up through the teen-age, but that boys catch on to the idea around six or seven, and woe betide the Mom who tries to make a sissy out of him!



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

- 1
Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?
- 2
Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?
- 3
Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?
- 4
Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?
- 5
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?
- 6
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

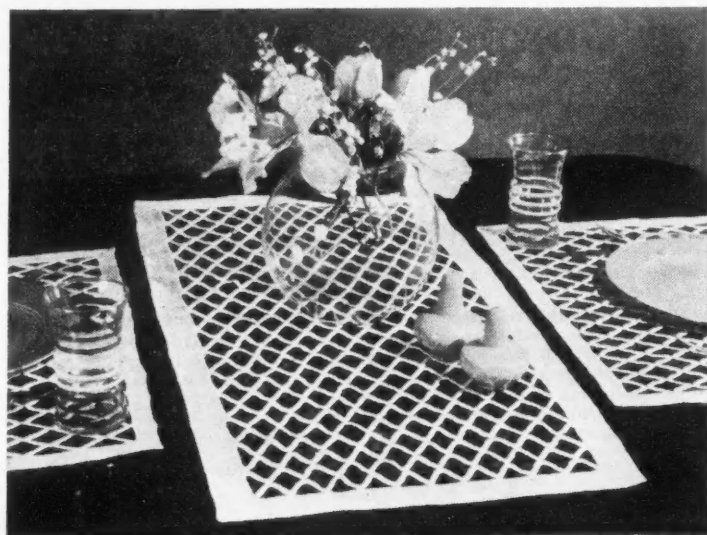
There's a thrilling new-texture face powder that helps end all the 6 "face powder troubles" listed in the panel to the left!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder — and it's different because it's made differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by TWIN HURRICANES. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look younger!

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but try it! When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most economical size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder today!



LIKE TO CROCHET?

Ever see a crisper, cooler-looking luncheon table than this? It's set with the new crochet luncheon mats—easy and fun to make if you like to crochet. The open criss-cross effect is a long cry from the circular, close-patterned dolly of other days. It lends itself perfectly to the lovely colors of today's china, the clear glass we use and the gay pottery.

No. S 42 — A Chatelaine exclusive handicraft pattern. Price five cents. Order from the Fashion Department, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

"Of course you know about MIDOL—but HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



Before you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol! These triple-acting tablets contain no opiates, yet swiftly relieve the functional cramps, headache and blues that periodically make life miserable for many girls and women. Millions rely on Midol regularly. Your druggist has it.

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES



They Remember The Girl With The

Lovely Hair

Alluring sheen, soft natural curls... it's so easy to have them with Ogilvie Sisters' Creme-Set... and no more bother with dry, split ends. Summer sun can damage, dry and fade your hair... but a little Protecsun will screen out the burning rays.

Creme-Set in \$1.00 and \$1.50 sizes. Protecsun \$1.25.

Ask for Ogilvie Sisters' Hair Preparations at better drug and department stores.

Ogilvie Sisters
TORONTO
NEW YORK
Canadian Distributors
LILICO, LIMITED
77 Wellington Street West,
Toronto, Ont.

Fashion Shorts

from New York

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HERE'S A TRICK WISE KIDS CAN LEARN NUGGET DAD'S SHOES AND INVEST WHAT YOU EARN



BLACK and ALL SHADES of BROWN

Oriental Cream

The Cream to protect the skin before the long, hard game. No worry about sunburn or shiny skin.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan



Lost by Lady at the Beach— 1/3 of her Vacation



No need to lose good swimming days with this monthly sanitary protection

How disappointing it could be for a woman if certain inevitable days came right in the midst of her vacation at lake or seashore while she was depending on external pads for sanitary protection. Don't let that happen to you! Get Tampax at once. Thousands wear it while swimming—because Tampax is worn internally... No pad to show under a trim bathing suit; no contraction of belt and pins. Whether the suit is wet or dry, there is no embarrassment... Made of surgical cotton and perfected by a doctor, Tampax is compressed into a one-time-use applicator. It is extremely absorbent. Compact to carry. Quick to change. Easy to dispose of. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super and Junior. Get Tampax now and have it when you need it. Introductory box is 25c. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Canadian Tampax Corporation Ltd., Toronto.

0-44-21A

By KAY MURPHY

brown beads; sequin bows decorated another—oh, I could go on and on, but you get the idea?

Apron Wardrobe! A dress manufacturer, noticing how popular aprons are, now sells a plain basic dress with three aprons: (1) white cotton apron with black and cerise rick-rack trimming; (2) black and white gingham with black cotton net frill; (3) black satin apron with wide frill of cerise. The aprons button onto the dress—one at a time, of course!!!

Flannelette nightwear! We can't get enough of it down here. And the way they doll it up! Lace trimming—looped wool edgings—boleros in contrasting color—and some of the pyjamas feature wide cut trousers with loop fringe like cowboy pants!

Blue with Maize is repeated so often in knitted sweaters and dresses that it seems to be a color combination you can't beat. Wine with light blue is another good combination. And now they are knitting "slacks" (quite a job, they tell me) which look smart and are certainly warm.

It's a Fad! "Chip on your shoulder." Some of the youngsters are wearing large bright-colored hunks of wood, made into brooches, on their shoulders. "He's Mine." Another craze. His snapshot in a tiny frame, the snap and frame lacquered with colorless nail polish to preserve it, dangling from a cord around Her neck... Workmen's lunch boxes, brightly painted and initialed, used as handbags by the "Younger Set."... Hanks of bright-colored yarn—wear one around your head—the other around your neck!

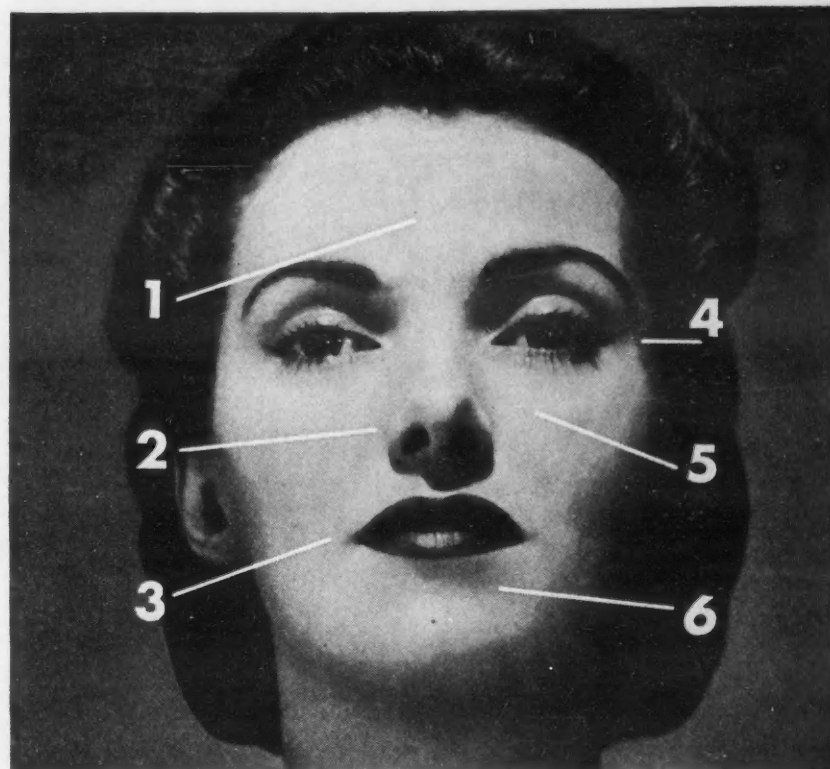
Scarves and other neckwear ideas have more importance than ever, this coming fall. This is the natural outcome of women wanting more color, yet

unwilling to go overboard in spending. While money is fairly lavish, especially among the active war-working women, they find that they have to pay too much for the fashions they want. So, they compromise by buying better fashions, and making them do a better job. Scarves, dickeys, and collars change the face of so many dresses and sweater outfits that the gals are buying more of them than ever before.

Take the Ingredients: a simple, collarless dress. Mix it with: (1) white collar for business wear; (2) sequin bolero or scarf for dress wear; (3) scarf in bright color to form a turban and a duplicate scarf to drape over the shoulders, or use as a "rumba" sash; (4) bright dickey to tie over the bodice of the dress, to change its whole complexion; (5) four bright velvet bows, poised on the shoulders and hips; (6) tie a bright red scarf around your neck—a bright green scarf around your hips—and your dress looks as fresh as a salad. Many an old dress, hanging in your closet, can be cut up to form these scarves.

Matching Hat and Mitts go well with the college and career crowd. Hand crochet these in bright wools, cottons or rayon yarns. Saw a bright green beanie, nobbed in red; the red mitts were fringed in green. Did wonders for a simple little black sweater and skirt outfit.

Another Mother-and-Child Set. Down here they are selling women's sweaters, with matching sweaters for either small boys or girls. Idea! When getting wool to knit your own sweater, buy enough to make a similar sweater for Junior or Sister. "They" tell me that little girls adore this match-mother idea up through the teen-age, but that boys catch on to the idea around six or seven, and woe betide the Mom who tries to make a sissy out of him!



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

- 1
Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?
- 2
Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?
- 3
Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?
- 4
Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?
- 5
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?
- 6
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

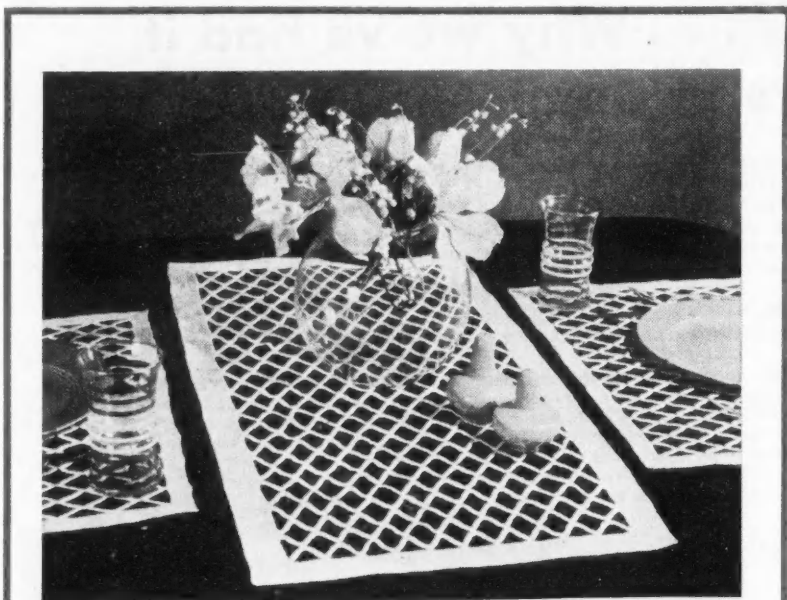
There's a thrilling new-texture face powder that helps end all the 6 "face powder troubles" listed in the panel to the left!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's made differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by **TWIN HURRICANES**. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look younger!

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but try it! When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most economical size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder today!



LIKE TO CROCHET?

Ever see a crisper, cooler-looking luncheon table than this? It's set with the new crochet luncheon mats—easy and fun to make if you like to crochet. The open criss-cross effect is a long cry from the circular, close-patterned doily of other days. It lends itself perfectly to the lovely colors of today's china, the clear glass we use and the gay pottery.
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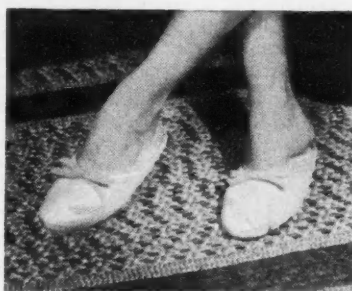
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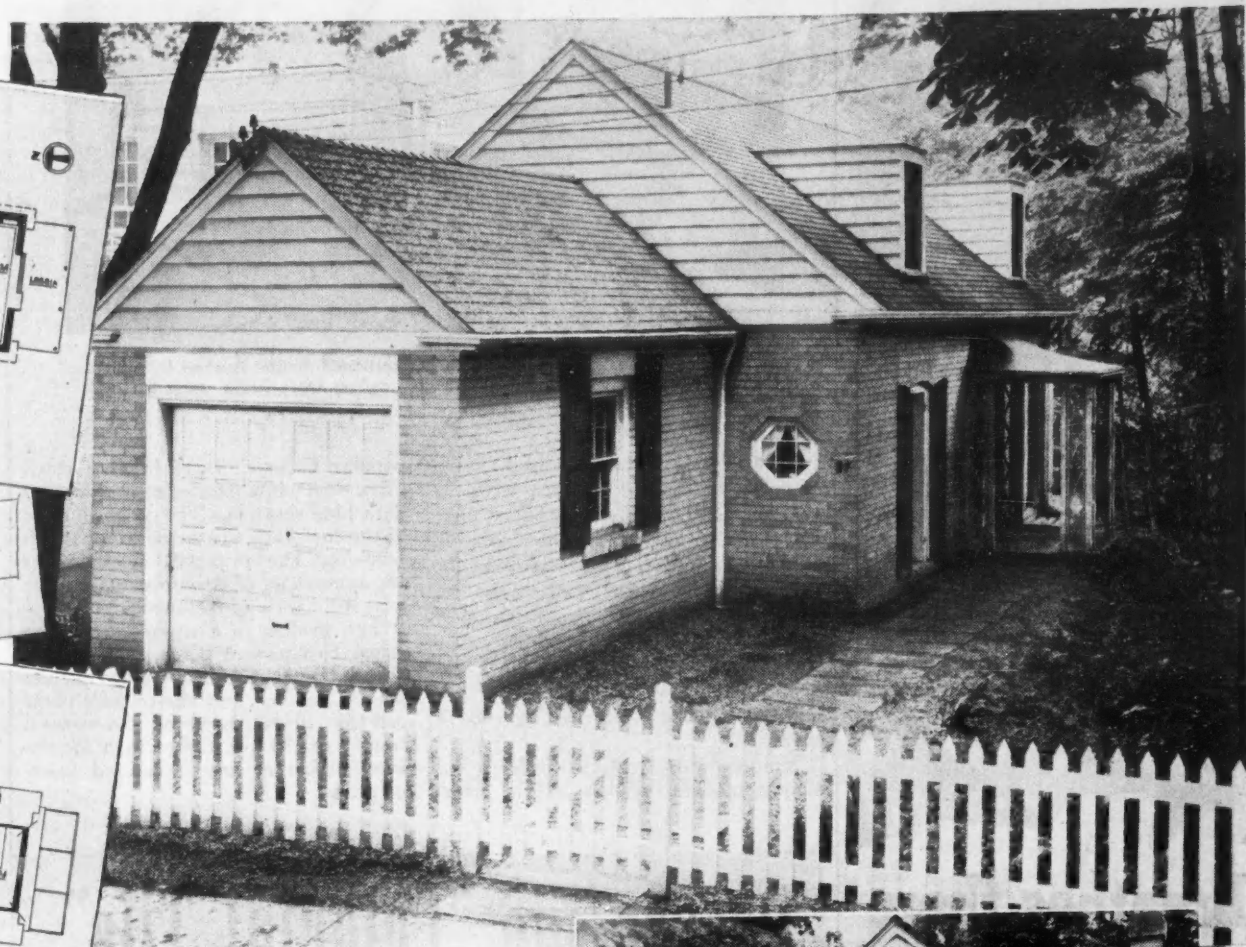
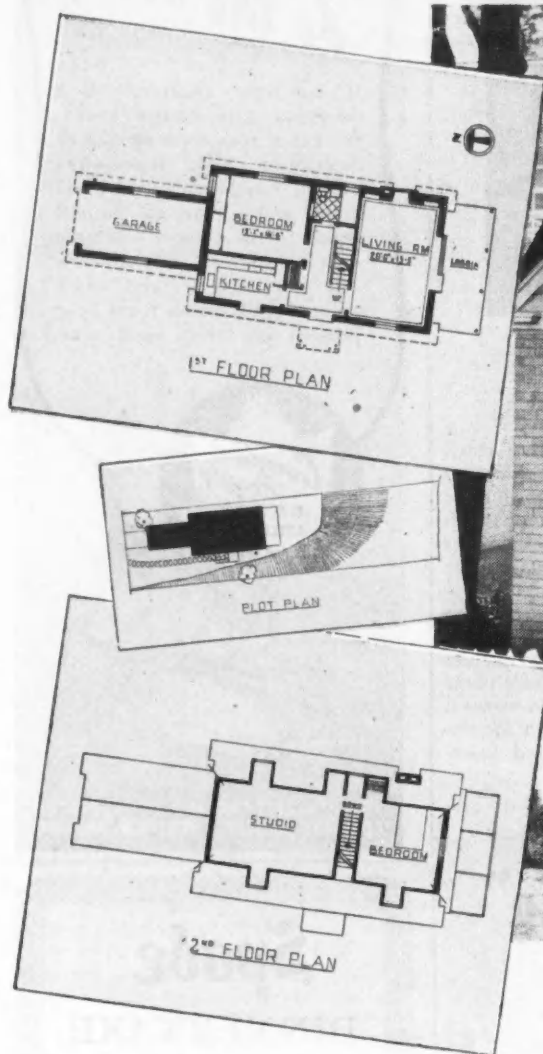
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By KAY MURPHY

YOUR HOME

FREDA JAMES, Editor

A Department of House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing



The home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Denovan, Toronto—in style a simple, modern version of the ever-popular Colonial. Above, view from street; right, loggia and living room window group. H. R. McDonic, architect.



The Convenience OF AN APARTMENT

By J. F. C. SMITH, B. Arch.



FOR the new kind of informal living and easy housekeeping, an apartment-type layout has immediate practical appeal. Time, labor and footwork can be saved when the main living requirements are concentrated on one floor; and, with careful planning, there need be no sacrifice of the charm and amenities and freedom of a house.

An interesting example of this modern type of plan is provided in the Toronto residence illustrated. Because of its location, on the brink of a ravine, with trees and ferns making a woodsy setting, this little house takes on the pleasantly secluded air of a country place, yet it is in every way a compact urban home, with not a single cubic foot of space wasted.

The lot is deep and narrow, and following the contour of the ravine bank, it slopes sharply to the rear. Topography posed a problem, but it also offered an interesting challenge to the architect, who decided that the house must conform to the lot in shape. (See plot plan above.)

The solution was more easily arrived at because the owners wanted the main bedroom and bath on the ground floor, and desired to dispense with a separate room for dining. By placing the garage to face the street, for easy access and driveway maintenance at all seasons, the architect was able to keep the beautiful ravine view for the living-dining room, and to plan a spacious loggia for summer living, with the added

advantage of complete privacy. This faces the south.

The kitchen, situated toward the street front, is no larger than it need be, yet efficient planning with ample cupboard and drawer space makes it eminently convenient for work. Kitchen and living room doors face each other across the hall, making for ease of service to the dining table. The bathroom is placed at the end of the hall, adjacent to the master bedroom. The second floor, as yet unfinished, contains sufficient space for a bathroom, a bedroom and a studio, and both the latter will have cross-ventilation.

Built-in features make excellent use of space. Recessed bookshelves are an attractive detail in the living room. A large + Continued on next page



Social Security?... Why we've had it for years at Dominion Oilcloth!

Dave, an old-timer at Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company, is talking to John, a new-comer.

DAVE: Yes, John, we've had social security here for years.

JOHN: But I don't understand. Isn't this unemployment insurance a new thing?

DAVE: Yes, it is—and a good thing, too. But the best unemployment insurance is a job—and work to do. And that's what we've had at Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum.

JOHN: Sure we've got jobs now, but there's a war on.

DAVE: Right you are—but I mean in peacetime, too. Why, even through the last depression, employment here was kept at a high level. I lost little time—and that goes for most of us.

JOHN: Well, what about after the war?

DAVE: I'm not worried about that either. I figure there's going to be plenty of linoleum needed after the war. Look at all the new homes

this country will have to build, all the new schools, hospitals, offices, institutions.

JOHN: Well, it sounds good.

DAVE: And here's another thing—we have an employees' association of our own, and the company has sponsored a pension plan, sickness and accident insurance as well as many other benefits. They've always tried to keep their employees both busy and happy.

JOHN: Yes, I see now what you mean about social security being an old story to Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum workers.

Quality goods at prices that compare favourably with prices prevailing in other countries, have resulted over the years in a steady demand for Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum products. These factors, plus an understanding employee-relations policy, have provided security for Dominion workers. The executives of this company are busy now with plans to provide steady employment for its workers after the war.



Hundreds of thousands of aluminum, steel and steel alloy parts for aeroplanes are being shaped on the huge hydraulic linoleum presses.

Millions of yards of army duck and anti-gas fabrics have been proofed against water, flame, mildew, gas and the arctic weather.

Huge quantities of linoleum have been supplied for naval vessels, Air Force schools, administrative establishments, munition plants and hospitals.

BUILDING FOR WAR • PLANNING FOR PEACE



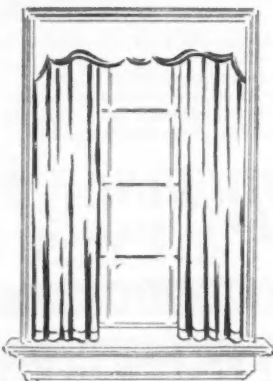
You Asked Us

Freda James, Editor of Your Home Department, finds interesting answers for our readers' decorating problems

Question—I have the problem of a partially worn-out room and how to make it do (inexpensively) for the duration. My chesterfield and chair slip covers are in printed cretonne and comparatively good, but the window hangings are almost in shreds from sun and long years. I can't find a plain curtain material which seems appropriate. I also would like suggestions for getting some fresh touches of color into the scheme. What can I do with lampshades that are looking shoddy? I have just had the walls and woodwork painted light ivory which makes a big improvement.

Answer—Your problem is quite a common one today, and here is one suggestion for tackling it. Remove everything from your window and take inventory. Stand back and try to visualize a treatment such as shown in the sketch below. In other words, is the window trim of such design that it will look well uncovered? Plug up holes made by brackets, touch up with paint. Now if all looks well, cut yourself an actual-size pattern of a valance board. The curved-scroll edge illustrated is easily used. Try out the pattern across the top of window, making sure it is the right size and depth for the job; then take it to a carpenter shop (or give it to your husband if he is "handy") and have it cut out in brown pressed wood, easy to work. [Such treatment can be most attractive when fitted flush with the window trim, leaving space behind for curtain rod and blind. Nail two small blocks in position, one at each side toward the top, and fasten the valance board to them with brads (an almost headless tack). Paint the board before or after putting up, as you wish.

With this treatment you will not only arrive at an entirely different atmosphere



for the room generally, but you will be able to use a light, inexpensive curtain fabric, anything from voile, muslin, net, sheeting, to natural factory cotton or a nice casement cloth. A small-patterned chintz is also attractive. Finish the painted board with a narrow band of color, either to match curtain fabric or trimming on the lower edge.

If the window needs a blind, hang your roller or Venetian behind the curtain rod.

For fresh touches of color, introduce new cushions in gay colors to harmonize. If the lamp shades are parchment, a new paint job on them will help a lot.

Question—My young daughter loves to pin up snapshots, clippings and pictures of her favorite movie stars. I have heard of using special boards for this purpose. Can you advise me?



Answer—The "pin-up" board has become very popular in many a household; it can be a useful item anywhere from children's rooms to Mother's corner where she does her accounting and takes care of ration coupons. Get a piece of any good wallboard, porous enough to take tacks; frame it, as you would a picture, with molding or flat strips of wood; paint all the color of your wall—or you might want an interesting contrast. Wallboard takes nicely to a sprayed finish. Fasten the pin-up board to the wall by means of four screws, one in each corner and as close to the molding as possible. Touch up screwheads with paint. Such a board must be solid on the wall in order to be useful.

Question—Is there any special guide for one who makes her own slip covers, in deciding the depth of the bottom frill? Also, should they be pleated or gathered?

Answer—I wish I could say "yes," but frankly it is so much a matter of proportion that I hesitate to state a definite depth. As a general rule the frill starts at the bottom of the upholstery and falls the length of the leg; but some chairs look better when we break this rule and adjust according to our eye. When pleated, the frill gives a nicer final effect when kept quite short; but if you are using a very gay sort of cover a deep, gathered frill can be most attractive. Learn to use your eye and you will soon find that you can visualize the finished product without difficulty.

Question—I have an old-fashioned sink and drainboard, with cupboards on either side and above. As soon as possible, I plan to build in under the sink and cover the dismal-looking pipes, or better still put in a new sink unit altogether. Have you any suggestions for a quick treatment in the meantime?

Answer—If you need the underneath space for sink supplies, you could have



"If only I'd bought a tank of Everdur Metal before the war!"

'YES, it's too bad you didn't, Mrs. Jones, because an Everdur (strengthened Copper) tank couldn't have rusted to cause all the trouble you're having. But there's no chance of getting one now . . . every ounce of Copper is needed by our fighting men . . . and . . . they come first!"

Yes, Mrs. Jones, while we here at Anaconda are making record-breaking amounts of Copper and Copper alloys none of it is available for civilian use. And this is why:

Copper is a fighting metal—needed in tremendous quantities! Your boy in that submarine depends on the 348,000 pounds of Copper used in its construction. If he is serving on a destroyer, he is aboard a fighting vessel that took 463,000 pounds of Copper to build.

On all fronts, Copper and its many alloys are helping our boys to fight . . . helping to protect their lives . . . helping to speed Victory. Good reasons why no Copper can be spared for your use!

But, once the war is won, there'll be plenty of Copper, Brass and Bronze for you. Then, you can have an Everdur hot water tank . . . plumbing pipe of Copper or Brass . . . screens of Bronze—and all the other long-lasting, money-saving products made of rustproof Anaconda Copper.



ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

(Made-in-Canada Products)

Main Office and Plant:
New Toronto, Ontario

Montreal Office:
939 Dominion Square Building



Breathes there a Maid...

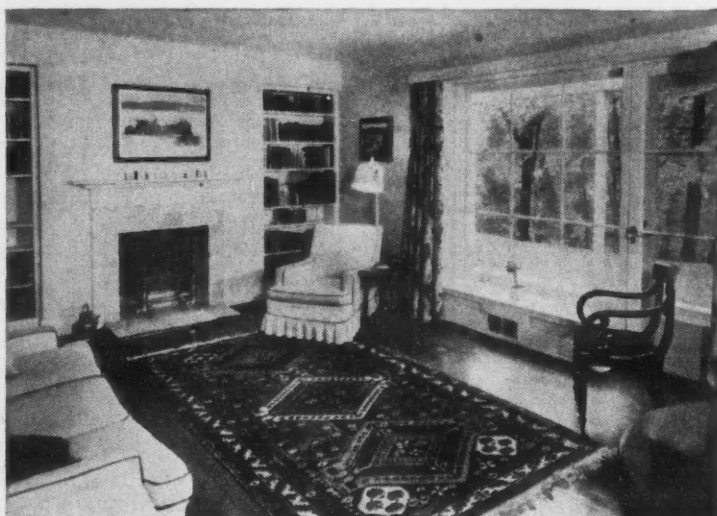
...whose dreams of rice and wedding rings aren't interwoven with visions of a tidy kitchen equipped with "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils? Yet thousands of wartime brides have been unable to realize this cherished ambition.

To them we say "Patience". Wear-Ever is worth waiting for. Just hang on to that dream a little longer and before you know it, Wear-Ever will be back.

And if you already have a few treasured Wear-Ever utensils, be kind to them. Give them honest care and they'll last long after more Wear-Ever utensils are again available.



"Wear-Ever"
ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS



The living room is keyed to a well-proportioned mantel flanked by built-in bookshelves. Walls are pale green, ceiling ivory; dark stained floor.

cupboard in the entrance hall takes care of coats and umbrellas, etc., while in the bedroom, as the main floor plan shows, an entire wall of closet space is provided. Here, sliding doors make for easy access and obviate the nuisance, and waste space, caused by the swing of ordinary doors.

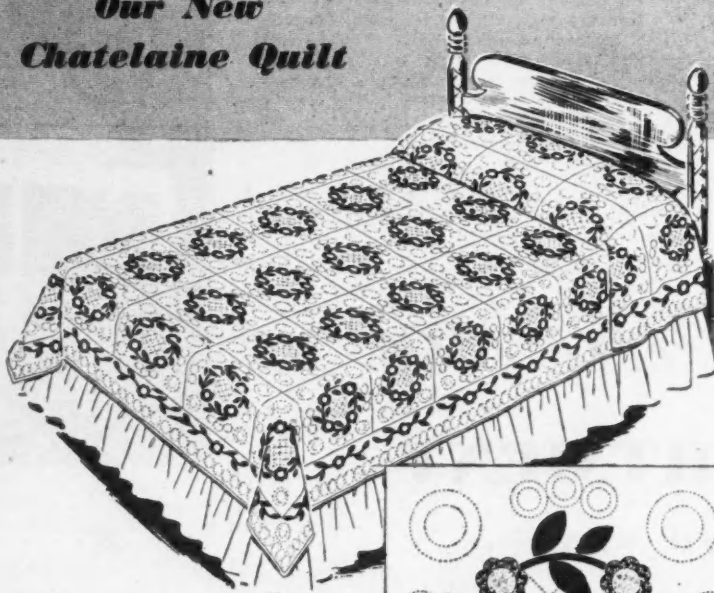
Basement contains storage room, heater and air-conditioning equipment, and, as well, a good-sized recreation room.

As to architectural style, the house is a simple modern version of the ever-

popular Colonial, done in grey stock brick with white painted woodwork and dark blue shutters. The cedar shingles of the roof have weathered to a darkish blue-grey. The low picket fence enhances the appearance of the property, and the neat front walk of rectangular stepping-stones, leading in a straight line from street to entrance porch, is a further graceful note. Landscaping has not yet been completed, but the owner's plans call for development of the natural beauty of the site rather than for the introduction of any formalized treatment. +

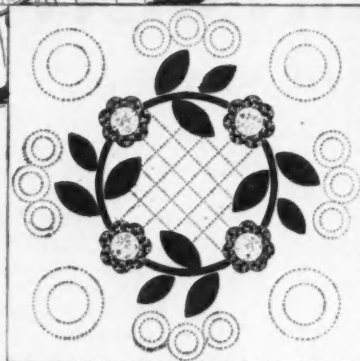
Presenting "Colonial Tile"

Our New
Chatelaine Quilt



IT'S A charming, simple design that will add an important decorative note to any Colonial-style bedroom. Above, you see it made up in regulation single bed size, which requires eight "tiles" for length and five for width, with border extra. Each tile is 12 inches square. The close-up at right shows detail of the design—with circle, leaves, and posies in appliqué, and quilting indicated in light lines. Many interesting color combinations are possible.

For full instructions for making, and



actual-size picture patterns of the tile and border, write to Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order S40. Price, 25 cents.

*Why "Cuss" the
IRON... it may
be the CORD!*

If your iron "sputters"—if it does not give steady heat—the cause may be a broken or damaged cord. Hardware dealers, appliance and department stores have a limited supply of new cords available at various prices. Get one now—if you need it—and enjoy greater satisfaction from your present electrical appliances.



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Billingsley Rose

Spode Dinnerware is a lasting heritage of color and beauty, lovely to look at, enduring through the years. Build up your Spode service... your nearest dealer will gladly help you match favorite designs.

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222 Bay Street, Toronto

Back Chat

A correspondence department for our readers who feel impelled to take pen in hand

From A Pacifist

Dear Editor: May a continuing pacifist be permitted to comment on Erika Mann's article, "Will Pacifism Rise Again?" The title itself involves a slight error. Pacifism is not dead.

Miss Mann, telling her own story, shows that she ceased to be a pacifist before she ever became one. Also she demonstrates that never once has she ever come within sight of what underlies the pacifist conviction, in the three points she commends to the attention of the "pacifists of tomorrow," namely:

1. "An attitude of social responsibility—economic justice for all peoples, etc." Intelligent pacifists have known for long that war is the inevitable fruit of economic anarchy. That is why most of them tend to be far to the left in social and political thinking.

2. A demand for international law. Really, to the average pacifist, that is a childish commonplace.

3. Pacifists, she suggests, must "never allow it to be supposed that under no circumstances will they resort to force." As a matter of fact, pacifism is the open-eyed readiness to pay the price of refusal under any circumstances to resort to war.

If it is in order to discuss pacifism at all, would it not be both prudent and courteous to find out just what pacifism is?

I am prepared now, or whenever you dare print it, to provide a statement of the Christian pacifist thesis that pacifism is the only real national loyalty, and the only possible escape from mankind's destruction by mankind.

For demonstration that the actual course of this war is proving to the hilt the pacifist insight that war can only produce further war, see any current column of any recognized news commentator.—(Rev.) R. E. F., Ontario.

Editor's note: Chatelaine "dares to print" anything that makes sense. If you care to submit an article, it will be considered impartially on its merits.

Our Island Story

Dear Editor: Your story, "Cradled in the Waves" (July issue), painted such an attractive picture of our garden province that my sister and I are now talking over the possibility of moving to Prince Edward Island permanently next year—when we retire after being in business for over 20 years. We are thinking of buying a small house on the north shore, or renting rooms in a farmhouse with a view of the sea and, as you describe it, "the sound of waves lulling you to sleep at night."—L. W. E., Toronto.

We Stand Corrected

Dear Editor: I would like to point out that the answer to question No. 31 in your All-Canadian Quiz for July is not correct. Alberta was named after Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada.

Alberta was one of her christian names —W. C., British Columbia.

Editor's note: Our face is properly red, and not wholly from sunburn. True enough, Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, Marchioness of Lorne, permitted the use of her third name for the newly created western province. But is there a small loophole for us in the fact that she had been named after her father, the Prince Consort?



The Chatelaine Kittens

Ode to June cover models:

Fluff and fur with exquisite mien,
The most beautiful I've ever seen,
Lovable and cunning too,
One in beige and one in blue.
Merely human, I confess
Words or colors can't express
Those little kittens' gorgeousness!

(Mrs.) Sybil MacLean, Montague, P. E. I.

Please let me congratulate you on your splendid cover for the June, 1944, issue. It is really delightful. Would it be possible to secure a copy of the cover minus the printing for framing purposes? —M. K., Ontario.

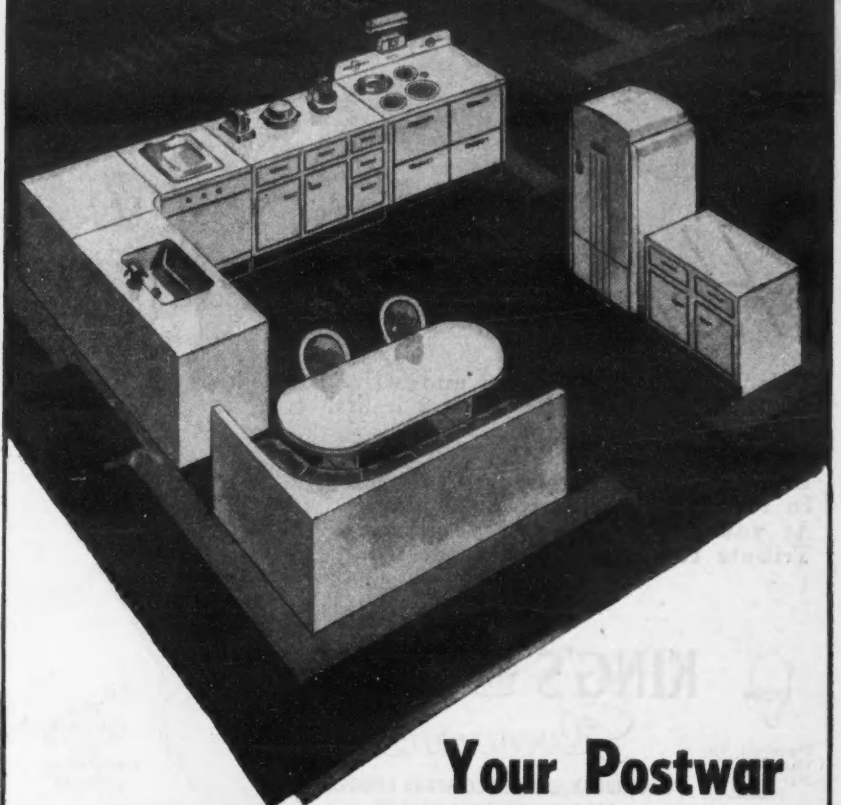
Just a word of appreciation for the cover picture on the June issue. We have thoroughly enjoyed these cute kittens, and are going to keep them always. We sometimes get tired of supposedly beautiful girls, but these kittens are lovely and natural.—F. B. M., Toronto.

Editor's note: To the many readers who wrote or telephoned their favorable comments on the Kittens cover, our thanks. To the disappointed ones who asked for extra copies or special reprints of the cover (impossible today because of paper rationing), our sincere regrets.

Worm Who Turned

Dear Editor: I have read your very interesting magazine for some years with great enjoyment. Now, for the first time, I feel that I simply must do some "Back Chatting."

Dorothy Dix writes to the wife rather than to the husband in her article, "For Better, For Worse" (Chatelaine for May, 1944), because brides are forever wondering what they can do to make their marriage a success, while a man feels that just being married to him is all the happiness a woman could want. So the willing horse gets



Your Postwar GENERAL ELECTRIC Kitchen

Here are some of the APPLIANCES you'll be able to own

	G-E WASHING MACHINE — Designed to cleanse clothes gently and thoroughly, in a minimum of time.
	G-E HOTPOINT TOASTER — Fashioned to produce golden brown, evenly-done toast in a few seconds.
	G-E HOTPOINT COFFEE MAKER — Its special features make delicious coffee-making a matter of simple routine.
	G-E RADIO — Expertly created to provide greater enjoyment and performance, finer entertainment.

POSTWAR planning is in the air these days! Everybody is doing it! March along with the trend—by planning your after-Victory Kitchen, now! Remember—as soon as conditions permit, Canadian General Electric craftsmen will swing over from their mighty task of war production to the peacetime job of filling your needs for attractive, dependable, thrifty electric appliances. G-E Refrigerators . . . Hotpoint Ranges . . . G-E Washers and Vacuum Cleaners, Dishwashers and Disposal Units—all will be available again. So get busy—drawing layouts and making lists! It isn't too early to plan!

Victory Recipe

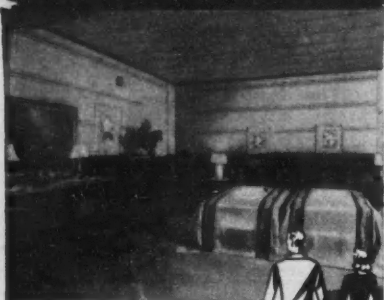
FRESH CHERRY CUP CAKES
 1/4 Cupful of shortening 3/4 Cupful of sugar
 1 Egg, beaten 2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt 1/4 Cupful of milk
 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
 Cream the shortening with the sugar until well blended. Add the beaten egg. Sift the flour, measure and sift twice with the baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add the vanilla. Put a layer of drained stewed fresh cherries sweetened to taste in greased custard cups, fill 3/4 full with the batter and steam or bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr. for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve upside down with cherry sauce made by thickening the cherry juice with cornstarch.

EM-64



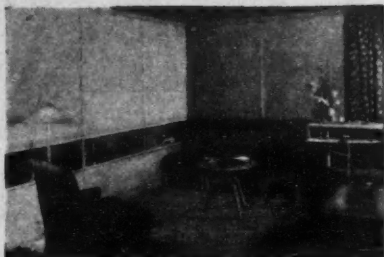
CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO LIMITED

"Certainly we can afford MASONITE PANELLING in our Victory Home"

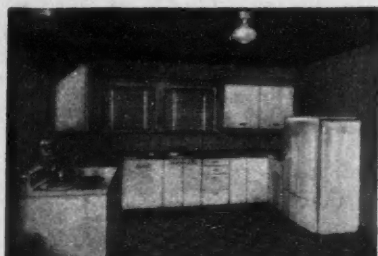


"When my husband said that, I thought it was a rosy dream, but Masonite will make it come true! He called Masonite 'the wonder wood of a thousand uses'... and proved to me how its rich, durable panelling would be an easily-afforded feature of our future home! Here's how he has it planned..."

Bedroom (above)—Distinctively modern, combining Tempered Presdwood for wainscot where wear is hardest... horizontal plank walls of DeLuxe Quarterboard, with Ashlar Block ceiling.



Living Room—Swedish Modern simplicity achieved by use of Standard Presdwood for upper walls... Tempered Presdwood for recessed shelves and lower walls, for extra durability. Decorative frieze is one of several attractive Masonite designs.



Kitchen—Ultra-modern and keyed by efficiency, simplicity and beauty, with walls entirely of readily-cleaned Masonite Temptrite... large panels of DeLuxe Quarterboard for ceiling.

The Wonder Wood of A Thousand Uses



International Fibre Board Limited,
Gatineau, Quebec, Dept. 122-A

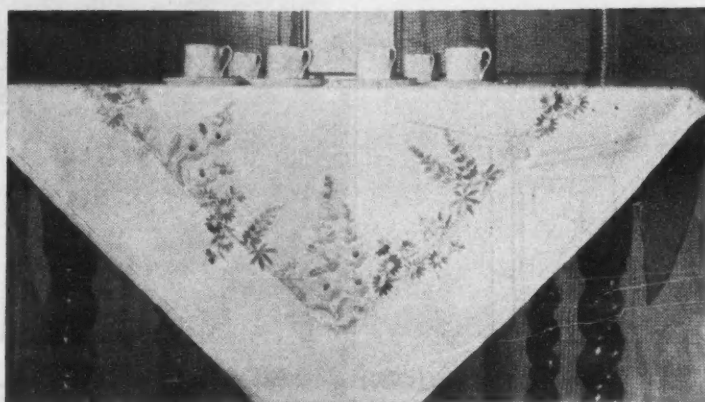
Please send me sample, booklet, "What you ought to know about Masonite," and complete information.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... PROV.....

shelves installed quite easily. Then measure off the exact space and have a three-eighths brass curtain rod cut to size, allowing for the space which two inside vestibule brackets will take. Be sure to get the proper screws with the brackets. Make a full curtain with small heading and 1½ in. slot, and slide this on the rod. In other words, this treatment is much the same as any glass-curtaining. The rod fits up underneath the overhang of the sink and the curtain will conceal

thin coat of shellac and wax will make a splendid finish.

Question—My question concerns a very small kitchen next to an equally small dining room. The house is cottage style, and when I have several guests I serve the meal buffet-style in the living room. For family use, however, I have been wondering if a counter between dining room and kitchen would be a good idea. The furniture is maple.

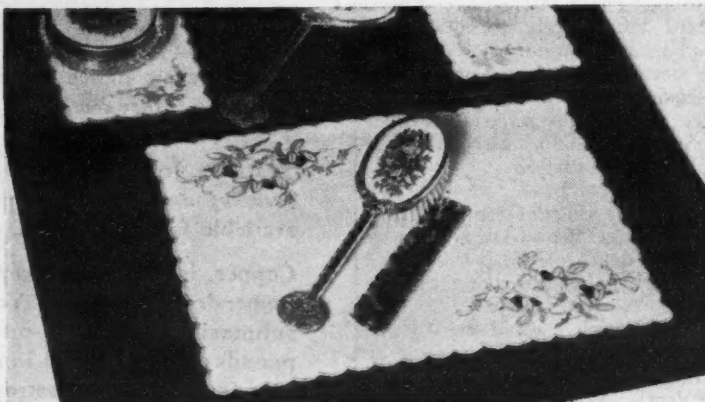


NEEDLECRAFT

When ordering, address Marie LeClerc, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, enclosing postal note or money order. On out-of-town cheques add 15c. for bank exchange.

CRISP AND cool as a fresh fruit salad is the gay linen tea set, illustrated above. It's stamped on new, extra fine (but not thin) white linen, just arrived from Ireland. The cloth is 36 in.; there are four serviettes and the set is priced at \$3. Clear, sunny colors for working, 60c. Order No. 60C.

BELOW: THIS Dainty cutwork vanity set (Order No. 58C) is in rose design, finest quality white Irish linen. The three-piece set is 60c. You can have a matching runner—size 13 in. by 36 in.—at 75c. too. (Order No. 59C.) Cottons—white or colored—for working either vanity set or runner, 30c. State color for roses.



the unsightly pipes. The fabric could match your window curtains, or you might want to bring in a bright contrasting touch.

Question—I have a dark oak desk of rather nice design but it doesn't fit in with my furniture more recently bought and in light natural wood tones. A finisher I know says he will lighten it for me. Do you advise this?

Answer—Dark oak can usually be depended upon to take a very nice light finish. It requires careful handling and is always better if bleached. There will always be dark color in the pores of the wood, but if after bleaching you have the man rub in some white before finishing off, this will take care of the dark spots. A

Answer—Provided the construction of the walls lends itself to a counter-bar, I heartily approve the idea. Not only does it save endless steps on the kitchen side, but by carrying through the same wall color you will find that you can manage to arrive at a new feeling of spaciousness. Some sort of screen is generally advisable, so that the kitchen view can be shut out as required. This can be achieved with a Venetian blind, or folding shutters (very attractive when decorated), or one large drop shutter which can be fastened up on the kitchen side. If you are prepared to do a bit of changing, you might like to consider attractive pine woodwork in the dining room: simple pine boarding on the counter wall, and a matching wainscoting if you can manage it. Maple furniture will look very well with this.

REMOVES A CAUSE OF



Even in toilet bowls that look clean an invisible film is always forming. There may be toilet odors. Be sure your toilet is above criticism. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week. It cleans without scrubbing—removes this recurring film where toilet germs lodge.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works *chemically*—even cleans the hidden trap. Removes stains and discolorations quickly and easily. No special disinfectants needed. Doesn't injure septic tanks or toilet connections. (See directions on can.) Made in Canada. Sold everywhere, in two convenient sizes. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS
TOILET
BOWLS

WITHOUT SCRUBBING

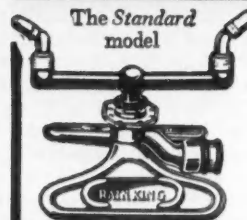


Use Murine when eyes are tired or when they smart and burn from overwork, dust, wind, sun-glare, lack of sleep, bright lights. Just put two drops in each eye. Murine quickly soothes, cleanses, refreshes. Thousands are using Murine. Let it help your eyes too!



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THE BEST SPRINKLERS MADE



Factory mostly on war production. See your dealer.

Made and guaranteed by
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HOUSEKEEPING

A Department of Home Management

Time for Tomatoes By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

TIME for tomatoes when they turn to scarlet on the vines and pack the maximum of vitamins underneath their protecting skins. Time to slice and eat them warmed by the sun or chilled for the salad bowl. Time to press the fresh-picked fruit and catch the juice for frosty cocktails. Time to cook them, can them, turn them into catsup, chutneys, butters for the pleasure and profit of folks round your table, in season and out. Tomato time!

The flavor of tomatoes hits the spot as a morning pickup or a late night-cap and, for that matter, at any hour in between. We go for fresh and canned varieties in a big way, drink oceans of tomato juice, ladle out great quantities of tomato soup and serve tomato relishes to put a little zip into a main course that needs it. Tomatoes are top-rankers — delicious to taste and full of fine healthful qualities; all those who eat them are all the better for it.





Home!

This he dreams of, talks and writes;
This he prays for, hopes and fights.
While the happy home-to-be
You are planning. So are we:
King's Plate Silverware so charming,
In rare patterns quite disarming,
At your jeweller's soon you'll view—
Tribute to your dreams-come-true!

IT'S
KING'S PLATE
Silverware

Protected by
the Visible
Sterling Silver
Mound.

McGLASHAN, CLARKE COMPANY LIMITED
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO



The
beautiful
Mayflower
and
Inspiration
Patterns.

all the load again, I see—and I'm sick of seeing it. I'm sick and tired of reading how to pet and pamper and coddle a man so he will not get caught by that big she-wolf, the other woman. To the best of our men these articles are an insult; they neither need nor want to be flattered, pampered, and made love to all the while, but to the weaklings this nonsense is an excuse for delinquency. (Let Mama fail to live up to these extravagant standards and they feel justified in running to the she-wolf at once for comfort or revenge.)

Articles like this, instead of building up, break up happy homes. Let Dorothy Dix and her friends turn their talents to better use.

I remain, The Worm Who Turned—
M. H., Toronto. ♦

Mothers of Daughters Continued from page 43

her; a white-faced, tight-lipped, disapproving Vi. "What in the world, Marion?" she said, "Is Tommy your son or isn't he?"

Marion looked at her wide-eyed. "Of course. What did you want, Vi?" "You could have been nice without falling all over him. You didn't have to kiss him into the family and send me away with him all wrapped up in Valentine ribbons."

"He was a nice boy, Vi. I had to admit it. I could see..."

Vi snapped her fingers. "You didn't see anything. You were stewing in a great big pan of sentimentality and loving it. I must have gone through the same thing and been just as sickening if there was anyone around to watch me. Today I saw Bill Moran in a home for the first time with a mother going wet-eyed over him. Before that I always saw him as somebody without a home."

Marion stared unbelievably. This couldn't be Vi. She hadn't ever quarrelled with Vi before. It just couldn't be. Not after she had tried so hard, had put her own feelings aside. She rallied dazedly.

"But you wanted him, Vi. You were in love with him. I had to..."

"You should have thrown us both out. Here he was, going through his first puppy love, the same silly stuff that Tommy got out of his system with Gladys and Helen and Corinne and Julie. That's the big thing he missed in the orphanage. He was catching up, cutting his puppy teeth on me. And you sitting there and blinking like Whistler's mother with a gardenia corsage."

"But you?"
Vi had taken Tommy's picture in her two hands and was staring at it. "Me?" she said huskily, "That's right. Me. I am the girl who spent half her life trying to escape from the fact that she never could love anybody but the little brat next door who grew up with her, the girl who wasted a whole summer on a heel like Greg Donner, the girl who... Oh, Marion!"

She was in Marion's arms again, the picture of Tommy pressed between them. Marion had a choked feeling that this was how it was always meant to be, the three of them together, through all the joys, through tears and through heartbreak; then she was crying uncontrollably and she did not know if she was crying for Vi or for Tommy, for herself or for a boy named Bill Moran, who was going to pass through a very unhappy stage in the business of growing up. ♦

*You'll always get
GOOD jams
when you...*

**ASK FOR
ED SMITH'S
JELLIES Jams MARMALADES**

*There's
A GOOD REASON*

for the finer flavour of these delicious jams. It's because E. D. SMITH'S make them in the very heart of Niagara's famous fruitlands. The fruits are free-ripened to flavour perfection... And long experience brings all their appetizing goodness to your table.

*The name
ED SMITH'S
IS YOUR GUARANTEE
OF FINEST QUALITY*

**NO OVERSEAS PARCEL
IS COMPLETE WITHOUT
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SUSTAINING CONCENTRATED MEAT PATTY

APPLE FORD
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saves food IN DOZENS OF DIFFERENT WAYS

MEMBA-SEALS
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**NO WAX TO MELT
CLEAR AS GLASS**

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25 SEALS FOR EVERYWHERE 10c

**PRESERVE FRUITS IN SEASON
SAVES MONEY FOR YOU - HELPS CANADA TOO**

VANCOUVER MEMBA PECTIN CO TORONTO

A TESTED RECIPE

Mmmm! It's Blueberry Time!

BLUEBERRY ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
1/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
1/2 cup fresh blueberries or huckleberries

3/4 cup milk
1 cup flour (sifted)
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture with blueberries and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes. Yield: 8 large muffins.

LISTEN, GIRLS!... you'll get plenty of compliments when you serve these deliciously different muffins. They're a real taste triumph! But that's not all. Remember, regular use of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN helps keep you and your whole family free from the common type of constipation due to lack of dietary "bulk"! ALL-BRAN gets at the cause and corrects it. Get KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN at your grocer's. 2 convenient sizes.

Keep REGULAR naturally

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN LONDON, CANADA

All Out For Outdoors

By Evelyn Kelly and Lois Clipsham



THERE'S something about food cooked over an open fire! Something that enlivens the appetite and gives even the simplest dish a heavenly flavor. It may be the fresh air that seasons it. Or the glorious smell of wood smoke, pine needles and sizzling food all mixed together. Or perhaps it's just the happy-go-lucky feeling that goes with alfresco meals. But whatever the reason nothing ever tastes so good as when cooked and eaten outdoors.

The dog days of August are no incentive to preparing a big meal in even the most modern kitchen and you, chief cook and "cleaner-upper," have spent so much time indoors during the canning season that you're all out for outdoors. Most folks anyway.

Gypsy Fare

These days, plenty of holidaying is done right at home in the same old house with the same old scenery. To avoid having our long week ends and holidays falling a bit flat, we should try to get away from the humdrum things as often as possible. If you can spare a bit of gas, find a spot where you can cook, gypsy fashion, over an open fire. Don't rely upon finding firewood but take along ample kindling and fuel to at least make sure your fire gets away to a good start. Make a bit of a hearth with stones or bricks. Tricks of the trade: good kindling, dried twigs and branches. After the flames shoot up, place your heavier fuel on lightly, crisscross style, to allow air to circulate for a good draught. Don't smother the fire by piling on too much wood at a time. Often there's one member of the family who shines in stoking anything from a furnace to a fireplace who'll keep the fire going. So you're all happy and hungry—it may be on the beach, in a park or hidden away by a stream, but how good the food

tastes and how the tired man who brings home the bacon will relax and relish his food after a hard day indoors.

Here's an idea:

Baked Beans with Bacon
Oatmeal Bread, Boston Brown or Rye Bread
Cucumber Fingers
Spiced Blueberry Muffins
Fresh Pears
Coffee or Bottled Beverage

Another good meal:

Gypsy Scramble
Celery Radishes
Plums

Chocolate Marble Loaf Cake
Coffee or Thermos of Chocolate Milk

Oh, What a Beautiful Evening

A full moon, a crisp autumn evening and the young crowd in slacks and sweaters around a blazing fire—on the beach at the lake, somewhere on a river bank, or down by the old mill stream. The stage is all set for a corn roast. Plenty of freshly picked full-kernelled corn, sandwiches and cold drinks and the party's on. Of course they'll want the perennial favorites:

Corn on the Cob (boiled or roasted)
Tongue and Liverwurst Sandwiches on Rye Bread
Watermelon
Doughnuts and Coffee

Or it might be a wiener roast:

Hot dogs (big puffy wieners and fresh rolls. Lots of mustard!)
Green Onions Gherkins Whole Tomatoes
Fresh Fruit Basket (peaches, plums and pears)
Toasted Marshmallows
(whittle some nice long-pointed "toasters")
Coffee

Have you ever tried putting your wieners in an ordinary wire corn popper

Are you an "Apron-String" Mother?

Attentive, intelligent, conduct excellent—but shy and lacking in self-reliance." That's what Daphne's teacher wrote on her monthly report card. And yet Daphne's mother was quite pleased.

She didn't look beyond the words "lacking in self-reliance"—to realize that it might grow to be a definite handicap in later years.

Daphne is an only child—and all her life has been showered with attention from fond parents. Mother waits on her hand and foot—and Daphne, at ten years of age, can't even comb her own hair!



It is the normal, natural thing for a child to do little things for herself from the earliest possible age. Let her try and fail if need be; she will learn by mistakes.

But don't keep her tied to your apron strings. Don't shelter her, and wait on her, and save her from little childish hurts. She must learn to do things for herself, and stand up for herself!

The habits of dependence that are fostered by parents when a child is young,



JANET POWER

Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

often make it very difficult for a boy or girl to be INDEPENDENT AND RESOURCEFUL—as they must be in the years to come.

Wanderlust...

"Oh, George, I'm so worried—Timmy ran away again today—what can we do to make him understand that he must stay at home?"

Often children wander in search of excitement and change—and because they like to be the centre of attraction! Is home interesting for Timmy? Do you pay attention to him... ask him questions... make him feel necessary? Does he feel that he can invite his friends home whenever he pleases? The first step is to encourage Timmy to enjoy home!

And sometimes—take him for a walk, go with him to see the interesting things he wants to know about in the world outside. Take him to an occasional well-chosen movie, or the zoo. Read children's travel books to him. That's how you can satisfy his wanderlust.

The wandering habit is not a serious one—and is easily broken with a little careful attention and interest.

Stormy Meal Hours?

Is breakfast time at your house the signal for junior to stage his daily tantrum? Refuse to eat what you give him? Object to the family cereal? Many Mothers find

that they can avoid a morning scene by serving a cereal that's both APPETIZING and AMUSING... KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES! Have him listen to the merry Snap-Crackle-Pop Rice Krispies make when you pour on milk or cream. Soon he'll be so intrigued that he'll want to try the golden crisp bubbles—and the next thing you know he'll be asking for more! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Get some from your grocer tomorrow. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.



THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to know the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box C.H.3, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My 4-year-old son was DESTRUCTIVE"

writes Mrs. A. Mills

"I don't think Brian was wilfully destructive—but he did break several of my most prized pieces of china, cut holes in the living room drapes and draw pictures on the new wallpaper—no doubt he was testing his ability to use scissors and crayons—but a mighty costly way to learn! Then one day I decided to make him a play corner in the kitchen—equipped with building blocks and cut-outs, drawing books and plasticine—and now that he has toys to take apart and put together again, he is perfectly contented—and the play corner is saving me a lot of extra worry and gray hairs, too.

Janet Power

Britain's

Best

Biscuits

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
Biscuits

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Representatives:

Kelly Douglas & Co., Ltd., 367/377, Water Street, Vancouver.
 MacLaren Wright, Ltd., 69, Front Street East, Toronto.
 Rose & Laflamme, Ltd., 400, St. Paul Street West, Montreal.
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SHIPMENTS
WILL BE
RESUMED
WHEN
CONDITIONS
PERMIT

Tomato Time

★
To Can Tomatoes

by M. Lois Clipsham

Equipment

Assemble your jars—perfect ones without cracks or chips—see that you have properly fitting tops and rubbers. Wash well in hot soapy water, using a bottle brush. Rinse, scald and keep hot until time to fill.

Fit rack into your deep water-bath canner; partially fill with water. Cover and have water hot but not boiling by the time your jars are filled.

Preparation of Tomatoes

Select well-ripened tomatoes as freshly pulled from the vines as possible. Sort out spotted, cracked or bruised ones and set aside for other uses.

Wash the tomatoes clean, using several waters and handling gently to prevent bruising. To loosen the skins, put in a wire basket or colander and dip into a pan of boiling water, leaving it there for about a minute or until the skins slip easily. Plunge quickly into cold water, then lift out basket. Peel and remove stem ends and cores.

Do not prepare more tomatoes at one time than your canner will hold. 2½ to 3½ pounds of tomatoes will be needed for each quart jar of the canned product.

Filling Jars

By the *Cold Pack Method*: pack prepared tomatoes, either whole or cut in halves, into clean hot jars. Work quickly. Press tomatoes in firmly so that the juice will fill the spaces and cover the tomatoes. Leave one-quarter inch head space. If more juice is needed, cover tomatoes with fresh hot tomato juice made by heating and pressing the juice from a few extra tomatoes. Add one teaspoonful of salt to each quart jar. Run a knife blade or spatula down and around the inside of the jar to remove air bubbles. Wipe the jar rims to remove all particles and seeds. Adjust rubbers (which have been dipped in boiling water) and tops. Partially seal, unless you are using the vacuum type jars, in which case complete the seal. Process in the water bath (see below) for 45 minutes.

By the *Hot Pack Method*: Cut prepared tomatoes in quarters. Heat in their own juice to a rolling boil in a large kettle. Quickly fill hot jars with the hot tomatoes. (A wide-mouthed funnel is a big help here.) Cover with hot juice, leaving one-half inch head space. Add one teaspoonful of salt to each quart jar. Work out air bubbles with a knife blade or spatula (see above). Wipe sealing edges, adjust scalded rubbers and tops. Seal according to the type of jar you're using (see above). Process exactly 10 minutes in the water bath canner.

Processing

After filling jars by either the Cold Pack or Hot Pack Method, place at once on the rack of the water bath canner which you have partly filled with water and heated. Leave a little space between each jar. Fill bath with boiling water to cover the jars by an inch or so. Cover the canner and bring the water to an active bubbling boil. Now look at the

✦ Continued on page 59

HP SAUCE

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with a long handle, shaking it over the fire until the wieners are cooked?

Fisherman's Prayer

Next to catching a huge beautiful fish, the fisherman's prayer is that it may be properly cooked. Some men even insist upon handling the skillet themselves, just in case. So if it's a fish fry you're having, on the lakeshore or by the edge of a stream after a day's fishing, never let it be said that "You ruined that fish!"

These are good companions:

Fried Bass, Pickerel, Trout (or whatever is biting)
 Trailside Potatoes
 Tomatoes (slice or eat 'em out of hand)
 Green Apple Turnovers (with cheese pastry)

A Bang-up Barbecue

Your barbecue may be a super-dooper built-in affair or just improvised of stones and bricks in your own back yard. It provides one easy and delightful way of catching up on entertaining and giving a grand party. When good friends get together with excellent food in the offing, things take care of themselves.

Get your garden furniture into the picture, for relaxation and comfort are the first essentials. Pretty up your rustic table or gaily covered card tables with bright dishes and big wooden bowls of fresh fruit.

You might start off with some good games or a singsong, while you get the food assembled. Some of your guests will want to sit around and chatter, others will get a kick out of helping with the cooking. So have some jobs for the willing—one can be firetender, another can help to fetch and carry, someone else give a hand with the cooking. Soon everything's sizzling and ready to go.

Here's a scrumptious lineup:

Branburgers on Toasted Rolls
 Grilled Ripe Tomatoes
 Sliced Onion, Cucumber and Green Pepper
 (in sour cream dressing)
 Fresh Gingerbread
 Sugared Peaches and Blueberries
 Coffee

If you're going swanky with sirloins:

Grilled Steak
 Barbecue Sauce
 Corn-bran Bread
 Filled Cucumber Cups
 Bowl of Coleslaw
 Fresh Plum Tarts (with fancy tops)
 Coffee

FIRE!

Right here let's be very serious about this question of fires.

Don't build too big a fire or you'll burn your food and quite possibly singe your eyebrows. A small, compact heap of glowing coals makes for easier, better cooking, and saves your fuel. Of course a corn roast calls for a blazing fire as part of the atmosphere, and here again it is better to rake aside some of the coals for actual cooking purposes. Try to burn your rubbish as you go along.

Home or abroad in back yards or backwoods, DO let's be careful. Remember that every year lives are lost, homes destroyed and millions of dollars damage done, due to carelessness or lack of knowledge in handling fires.

Remember, as summer wears on, grass, shrubs and even earth become dried out, increasing fire hazards. Keep away from grass, pine needles, dried-out vegetation, twigs, leaves and rubbish.

Canada's Future *is in their hands!*



Happy Children need the protection that comes from right eating!

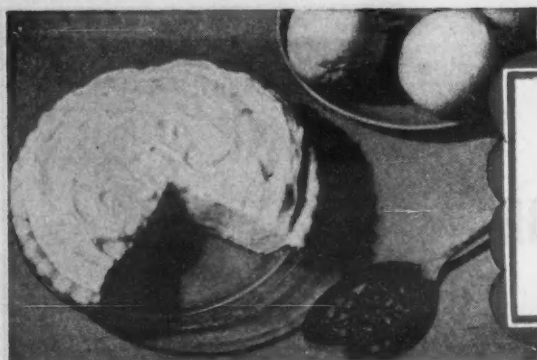


THESE sturdy little water babies are healthy as can be today. But time goes so quickly. Soon they'll be grown up—and sturdy still—if they have nutritious, body-building foods during their growing period.

One good way to help supply them with wholesome food is to serve whole grain cereals, like whole wheat, more often. Nutritionists tell us whole wheat is a fine building food. How fortunate we are that wheat is our most abundant crop!

To enjoy whole wheat in a new, more appetizing way, try Kellogg's All-Wheat. It's Canadian whole wheat in its most delicious form—crisp, tasty, satisfying. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Wheat next time you shop. Made in London, Canada.

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Meals of the Month

for AUGUST



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
TUE 1	Cantaloupe French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Casserole of Rice and Tomatoes with Bacon Topping Celery Radishes Sugared Cherries Crisp Wafers Tea Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Buttered Green Peas Black Currant Cup Cakes Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	THU 17	Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Devised Eggs Potato and Cucumber Salad Lettuce French Dressing Sliced Peaches and Cream Cocoa Tea	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Cucumber and Tomato Jelly Salad Melon Coffee Cake Tea
WED 2	Berries Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Assorted Cold Meats Pan-fried Potatoes Sliced Cucumber and Tomatoes Chilled Melon Hot or Cold Milk Drink	Oxtail Soup Vegetable Plate (Spinach Molds with Hard-cooked Egg, Sliced Beets, String Beans, Scalloped Potatoes) Coffee Raspberry Pie Tea	FRI 18	Stewed Plums (cook enough for Saturday) Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Fried Black Bass with Lemon Sliced Tomatoes Hard Rolls Blueberry Tarts Cocoa Tea	Clam Chowder Carrot Ring with Green Peas Scalloped Potatoes Cauliflower Gingerbread Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
THU 3	Half Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Bean Soup Biscuits Mixed Fruit Salad Prune Bran Gems Cocoa Tea	Baked Ham Parsley Potatoes Beet Greens Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea	SAT 19	Orange Juice Cereal with added Wheat Germ Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Fresh Bologna Coleslaw with Green Pepper Applesauce Gingerbread (from Friday) Cocoa Tea	Meat Balls Potatoes Boiled in Jackets Buttered Beets Stewed Plums Hot Biscuits Coffee Tea
FRI 4	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Bran Gems Coffee Cocoa Jelly	Jellied Vegetable Salads Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Stewed Plums Tea Cocoa	Pan-broiled Trout Fried Potatoes Coleslaw Blanchange Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	SUN 20	(Sunday) Grapefruit Juice Cereal Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Cheese Crackers Victory Vegetable Salad Melon Ring with Berries Cup Cakes Cocoa Tea	Baked Ham Slice Mustard Gravy Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Coffee Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
SAT 5	Applesauce Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Savory Spaghetti Brown Bread Lettuce with French Dressing Berries and Cream Cocoa Tea	Asparagus Soup Cold Baked Ham Mustard Molds Potato and Celery Salad Sliced Tomatoes Boiled Rice Syrup Coffee Tea	MON 21	Blueberries Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Spanish Omelet Toast Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cup Cakes (from Sunday) Cocoa Tea	Tomato Soup Sliced Canned Pork Roll Pan-fried Potatoes Green Beans Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 6	(Sunday) Orange Juice Cereal Grilled Small Fish Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Ham and Eggs on Toast Green Salad Bowl Butterscotch Tarts Cocoa Tea	Broiled Sirloin Steak Buttered New Potatoes Minted Carrots Fresh Fruit Ice Cream in Sponge Cake Ring Coffee Tea	TUE 22	Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Stewed Apples Oatmeal Cookies Cocoa Tea	Liver Hash Creamed Potatoes Spinach Salad Bowl Blackberry Roly-poly Coffee Tea
MON 7	Sliced Peaches Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Chicken Soup with Rice Biscuits Sardines on Lettuce Sliced Tomatoes Jellied Fruits Tea Cocoa	Baked Veal Loaf Browned Potato Cakes Swiss Chard Lemon Snow Coffee Custard Sauce Tea	WED 23	Watermelon Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Crisp Bacon Cauliflower au Gratin Pear and Orange Compote Cinnamon Buns Cocoa Tea	Roast Leg of Veal Browned Potatoes Baked Summer Squash Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 8	Berries Cereal Hot Biscuits Coffee Honey Tea	Cold Veal Loaf Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad Individual Baked Custards Cookies (from Monday) Cocoa Tea	Tomato Cocktail Grilled Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Wax Beans Fresh Plum Roly-poly Fruit Punch	THU 24	Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Coffee Toast Tea	Corn on the Cob Watercress Berries Tea French Dressing Cake Cocoa	Consommé Cold Roast Veal Hashed Brown Potatoes Buttered Carrots Molasses-Mint Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
WED 9	Orange Juice Fish Cakes Tomato Sauce Coffee Toast Tea	Casserole of Sliced Hard-cooked Eggs and Onions Hard Brown Rolls Chilled Watermelon Cocoa Tea	Roiled Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Baked Summer Squash Cottage Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea	FRI 25	Stewed Fresh Pears Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Celery Soup with Grated Cheese Devised Eggs with Lettuce Ice Cream Cake (from Thursday) Cocoa Tea	Tomato Cocktail Broiled Mac-kel Lemon Wedges Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Plum Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 10	Stewed Fruit Cereal Bacon Coffee Marmalade Toast Tea	Salad of Cottage Cheese with Chopped Chives, Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce Berries and Cream Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Corn on the Cob Apple Crisp Coffee Tea	SAT 26	Orange Juice Brown French Toast Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Peppers Green Onions Trifle Tea Cocoa	Dressed Flank Steak Baked Potatoes Swiss Chard Melon Small Cakes Coffee Tea
FRI 11	Melon Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Wafers Fruit Salad (Prunes Stuffed with Peanut Butter, Orange and Banana Sections) Oatmeal Muffins Tea Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Duchess Potatoes Green Peas Blueberry Pie Iced Coffee or Tea	SUN 27	(Sunday) Fresh Peaches Cereal Bacon Coffee Marmalade Toast Tea	Salmon and Celery Salad Sliced Cucumbers Hot Biscuits Angel Cake Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa	Chicken Pie with Potato Topping Baked Tomatoes Green Beans Fresh Fruit Platter Coffee Tea
SAT 12	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Shepherd's Pie Sliced Cucumbers Vanilla Ice Cream Maple Sauce Tea Cocoa	Broiled Sausages Mashed Potatoes Creamed Carrots Prune Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	MON 28	Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Apple, Celery and Nut Salad Muffins Tea Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Parsley Potatoes Corn Baked Vanilla Custard Fruit Juice Punch
SUN 13	(Sunday) Chilled Grapefruit Juice Omelet with Sliced Leftover Sausage Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Cocoa	Grilled Tomatoes and Bacon Brown Bread Stuffed Celery Radishes Fruits in Ginger Ale Jelly Wafers Bottled Cold Drinks	Mushroom Soup Jellied Meat Mold or Cold Tongue Beet Salad Potato Chips Blackberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	TUE 29	Cereal with Blackberries Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cheese Fondue Sliced Tomatoes Fresh Pear, Prune and Orange Salad Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Blueberry Cup Cakes Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
MON 14	Grapefruit Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cold Meat Pan-fried Potatoes Mustard Pickles Baked Apples Tea Cocoa	Browned Hamburger and Onions on Toast Points Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea	WED 30	Chilled Prune Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Radishes Orange Sections in Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Baked Stuffed Eggplant Diced Beets, Cauliflower Turnip Tops Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea
TUE 15	Sliced Oranges Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Casserole of Macaroni and Chopped Beef Cucumber and Onion Bran Muffins Stewed Fruit Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Berries and Cream Sponge Cake Coffee Tea	THU 31	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Bacon and Egg Sandwiches Lettuce Salad Melon Balls and Blueberries Tea Cocoa	Veal Birds Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Onions Peaches Coffee Cake Tea
WED 16	Cereal with Fresh Berries Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Scotch Broth Cooked Vegetable Salad Sliced Tomatoes Caramel Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce Potato Balls Sautéed Eggplant Peach Upside-Down Cake Coffee Tea				

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

August 5—Mustard Molds: Combine one cupful of mayonnaise with four tablespoonfuls of prepared mustard. Stir in two teaspoonfuls of gelatine softened in a little cold water and melted over hot water. Mold and chill.

August 24—Molasses-Mint Rennet Custard: Flavor warmed milk with mild molasses and spearmint essence. "Set" with a rennet tablet in individual dessert glasses.

Corn-Bran Bread

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- ¼ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg, beaten
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Cupful of ready-cooked bran
- ¾ Cupful of corn meal
- 1½ Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 4½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Cupful of raisins

Cream the shortening with the sugar until well blended. Combine with the beaten egg. Add the milk, bran and corn meal and let stand until most of the moisture is taken up. Wash the raisins

and add. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the salt and baking powder. Add to the first mixture, stirring just enough to combine the ingredients. Pour into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderately hot oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for one hour.

Filled Cucumber Cups

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Peel cucumbers, cut in 1½ inch slices. Scoop out the centres and fill with a mixture of seasoned creamy cottage cheese, chopped chives and the cucumber pulp. Chill in the refrigerator until serving time.

Green peppers cut in lengthwise sections also make good cups. *

Odds & Ends

A LITTLE starch is the great refresher for a tablecloth that has lived through many tubbings and begins to show its age. Don't use too much—just enough to renew the original "body" of the fabric. Improves any well-worn piece of linen, perks up limp curtains and gives new crispness to fine cotton material.

You know—or do you?—the trick of melting chocolate on a piece of waxed paper in your double boiler. Lift out the paper, scrape it off and you save both chocolate and dishwashing.

Bane of a muffin maker's life are the tunnels you sometimes find in them. Overmixing is what muffs a muffin, so don't let the beating be too energetic or too long.

A stocking is no stronger than its weakest thread and rayon threads that become rain-spotted are pretty weak sisters. If you're caught in a shower, be especially careful when straightening seams, pulling up your hose or removing them.

A pinch of mustard does a lot for a rarebit, a cheese pudding, a soufflé or sandwiches. As well as for devilled eggs and almost any meat made-over.

Give your cord clothes line an occasional bath, to prevent smudges on your nice clean wash.



Take the kinks out of your garden hose as soon as you're finished using it. Store on a reel or coiled on a flat dry surface.

Add a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice when canning blueberries or making a blueberry pie. Gives the flavor a nice lift.

Hold the medicine bottle label side up when pouring from it. Prevents smudging and keeps the directions readable.

Secret of a good barbecue is to light the fire well ahead of time so you have a good bed of coals for cooking.

Regular use—once or twice a week—of a good toilet bowl cleaner eliminates the need of scrubbing and scouring. Stains and discoloration are removed by chemical action instead of the hard way. One of these products has been proved by the manufacturer to be both effective and safe for septic tank systems as well as city bathrooms.

Tomato Time :: Continued from page 54

clock and process (cook) for the required length of time. Keep the water boiling constantly. Add boiling water if needed to keep the jars well covered. Remove the jars immediately and complete the seal if necessary. Set jars right side up, a little apart. Good idea to set them on a cake or other wire rack so the air can circulate underneath and around. Whatever you do, avoid placing them on a cold surface or in a draft.

When cool, test for leaks and store in a dry, cool, dark place. Wrap jars in newspapers if you're storing on open shelves.

Canned Tomato Juice

Have tested air-tight jars scrupulously clean and hot for filling. See that the water bath canner contains rack and

hot water by the time you're ready to process (cook) your filled jars.

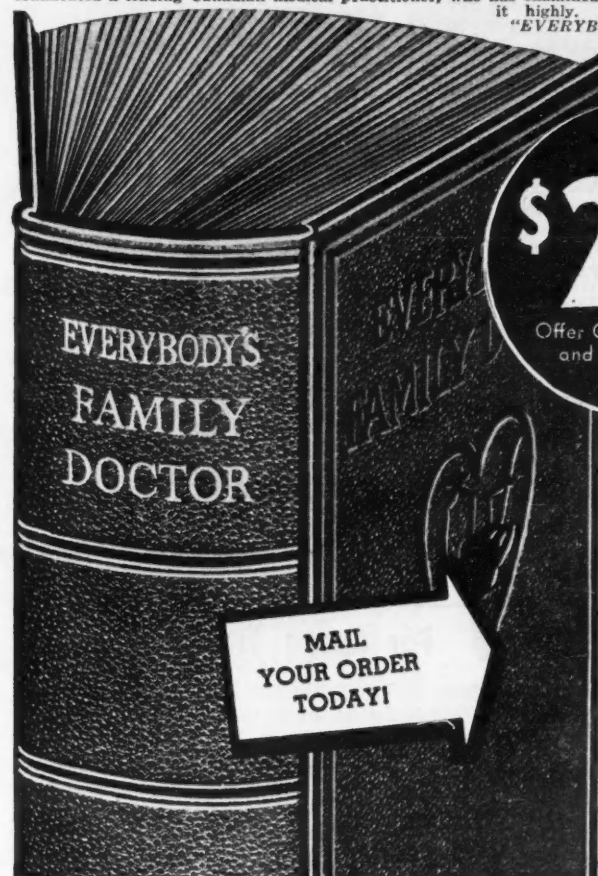
Use only sound fully ripened tomatoes. Count on 3 to 3½ pounds of tomatoes for each quart of juice. Wash two or three times in clear water. Remove stems and cores. Cut in pieces. Bring quickly to boiling in a covered kettle and simmer until just softened. Press juice and pulp through a sieve, discarding seeds and skins. Work quickly during the sieving process, keeping the rest of the tomatoes steaming hot (less loss of vitamins). Reheat the juice quickly to boiling, then fill hot jars to within one quarter to one half inch of the top. Add one teaspoonful of salt for each quart jar. Wipe the jar rims free of particles, adjust scalded

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Remember that very innocent-looking green grass often has an under mat of dried stubble that spreads flame like wildfire. Keep a bucket of water nearby. Find out which way the wind's blowing.

And in windy weather *Just Don't Build a Fire!* Abide by any regulations against fire-building which you may find. And always, *always* be positive that each last tiny spark has been extinguished before you leave. Make sure by covering your fire with damp earth or dousing it thoroughly with water. Campfires are fun, but only when handled by careful people. Another thing to remember: A small adequately equipped first-aid kit is a mighty handy thing to have at hand in case a knife slips or somebody burns their fingers.

Fresh summer air is magic medicine full of Nature's own mysterious vitamins. Let's enjoy it and drink it in to the last Indian summer day!

RECIPES

Oatmeal Bread

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of whole-wheat flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 5 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of molasses
- 1 Egg, beaten
- 1 Cupful of cooked rolled oats
- About ¼ cupful of milk

Mix together the dry ingredients, add the molasses, beaten egg and rolled oats. Add milk to make a rather stiff mixture—¼ cupful, depending on the consistency of the oatmeal. Let stand for 15 minutes in a greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for 45 minutes.

Spiced Blueberry Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Add a cupful of fresh blueberries and a bit of spice to your favorite muffin recipe.

Gypsy Scramble

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Pound of sausages
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild dripping
- 2 Cupfuls of diced, cooked potatoes
- 6 Eggs
- ¾ To one cupful of canned or diced ripe tomatoes
- Salt and pepper

Cut sausages in thirds and cook in the dripping. Lift out the pieces and cook the potatoes in the fat until lightly browned. Beat the eggs slightly, combine with the tomatoes and seasonings and pour into the pan with the potatoes and sausages. Cook, stirring until the eggs "set."

One quarter pound of bacon, diced may be used in place of sausage. Omit the dripping unless bacon is very lean.

Additions: finely chopped onion, chives, parsley or whole kernel corn.

Chocolate Marble Loaf Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of shortening
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- 2 Cupfuls of cake flour
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- 3 Stiffly beaten egg whites
- 1 One-ounce square of unsweetened chocolate
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of hot water
- ¼ Teaspoonful of soda

Cream the shortening, add the sugar and cream until light and fluffy. Add the vanilla, then add the sifted dry ingredients (all except the soda) alternately with the milk. Fold in the egg whites. Combine the chocolate melted in the hot water with the soda and add to one half of the batter. Alternate the light and dark batter by spoonfuls in a greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 75 minutes.

Fish Fry

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

First catch your fish! Then scale, clean and wash well. Smaller fish may be left whole. Larger ones need to be cut in pieces. Easier to eat if you split the fish and remove the bones first. Season corn meal with salt and pepper and coat the fish. Place skin side up in a frying pan in which you've heated bacon drippings or other mild-flavored fat. Brown first on one side, then on the other. Better to cook about half through before turning, then turn only once. Serve sizzling.

Trailside Potatoes

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Dice bacon and cook in frying pan until crisp. Remove the bacon and fry sliced boiled potatoes in the fat until nicely browned. Add the bacon bits and serve with the fish.

Branburgers

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Onions, chopped
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 2 Cupfuls of ready-cooked bran
- ½ Cupful of ketchup
- 2 Eggs, slightly beaten
- Salt and pepper
- 2 Pounds of minced beef

Combine the ingredients except the beef and let stand until most of the moisture is taken up. Add the meat and mix thoroughly. Shape into 24 patties. Broil over red-hot coals for about 20 minutes. Serve with split flat rolls (brown the cut sides on a greased griddle). Ten to 12 servings.

Sugared Peaches and Blueberries

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Dip ripened peaches in boiling water, then in cold. Slip off skins. Slice into a bowl, sprinkling each layer with brown sugar. Top generously with blueberries, cover and stand in the refrigerator until sugar dissolves.

Barbecue Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

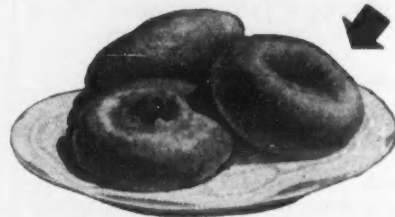
- 2 Cupfuls of tomato juice
- 1 Small onion, finely chopped
- ¼ Cupful of salad oil
- ¼ Cupful of vinegar
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of sugar
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- ¾ Tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of prepared mustard

Combine the ingredients and cook gently over a low fire for 15 minutes. Use for basting barbecued steak and serve as a sauce over the meat.

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NUTRITIOUS, DELICIOUS DONUTS

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3

GOOD NUTRITION Plus EATING PLEASURE

Mrs. Bob Hope

wife of the famous radio and screen star



BOB LOVES THE EXTRA FLAVOR MUSTARD GIVES TO FOOD. HERE'S HIS FAVORITE DISH—

Savory Ham: Rub a paste of two tablespoons Mustard and two tablespoons water into both sides of a slice of tenderized ham about 1¼ inches thick (wt. about 2 lbs.). Place ham slice in shallow baking dish, cover with 1 cup milk and bake 45 minutes at 425° F. or until ham is tender and top is nicely browned.

**KEEN'S
D.S.F.
MUSTARD**



42W

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

YOU and Your Doctor

SO MANY physicians have joined the armed forces that the remaining doctors are extremely busy. It's up to us to spare them any labor that we can. Besides it's only natural that you will get better service from your doctor if you are co-operative and considerate. What can we do to help him?

1. You should phone him early in the day, so that he can fit the call to your house into his itinerary with as little waste of time as possible. Do not ask him to come right away or call him at night unless it is a real emergency. If your child is sick, call him during the day—don't wait till evening and then get panicky.

2. Think over what you want to tell him before you call. Describe to him briefly the main things that seem to be wrong. Listen carefully to his directions so that you can carry them out exactly. Often the appearance and behavior of the child are of more significance than the height of the fever. For example, drowsiness, stiffness of the neck, a grey sunken face should be mentioned if they are present.

3. If baby vomits or passes a stool you should save these materials to show the doctor. If the patient is trained, a specimen of urine in a clean bottle should be ready in case it is needed. If it's a small baby that is ill, you can delay collecting the specimen until your doctor asks for it.

4. When your physician arrives describe what has happened simply and in the proper order. Don't try to use

technical terms as they are misleading unless they are correctly used. If the doctor has to get you to explain what you mean, you are wasting his time. Don't pad out the description with your theories of why the child reacted the way he did. Sometimes an intelligent child, provided he isn't too sick, can give a more helpful story of his illness than his highly excited mother.

5. Give the doctor a chance to get acquainted with the child without any remarks from you and be sure not to talk while he is making his examination.

6. Don't badger your physician to give you the exact diagnosis of the disease after the first visit. In many cases the symptoms of several different diseases are the same in the early stages. Although the exact cause may be impossible to ascertain early in the disease, your physician knows how to treat the symptoms and how to start your child on the road to recovery. You and your child must co-operate by carrying out his advice.

Your doctor's assistance is of very great help to you when illness strikes your family, but his efforts alone cannot keep you healthy. The main responsibility for maintaining health in your home rests squarely on your shoulders and on those of the rest of your family. When the Russians undertook a very necessary health campaign away back in 1920, their slogan was not, "Let your doctor help you." It was far more challenging; it read, "The health of the people is the task of the people themselves."

Teach Your Child to Relax

THE ABOUNDING energy of toddlers and their ability to sleep soundly even in the most extraordinary positions often impress us. We also admire adults who have not only the ability to work very hard, but who can recoup their energy by falling asleep in the most unlikely places when they have a few minutes to spare. Usually they are the people who get most done. They are able to sleep anywhere when they get a chance because they have learned to relax. People who are always tense, who have forgotten how to loosen up and just do nothing happily, actually grow old before their time. One of the reasons why they get into this unfortunate habit of tenseness is due to the fact that they look upon doing nothing as an irresponsible waste of time. They have forgotten that alternate bouts of hard labor (either mental or physical) and rest are both natural and necessary to a healthy way of living. How can we help a child learn to relax?

The first thing we can do is to teach him when he is a baby to sleep soundly. A certain amount of darkness and quiet is needed until he falls asleep, but once he is away he should learn to sleep through conversation and even a certain amount of noise. He should not be more than momentarily disturbed by gentle handling or movement. When he gets older you would be wise to teach him

how to sleep lying on a rug on the ground in the summertime, in a hammock, on a couch in a strange room, and so on. See that he remembers these lessons by repeating the experience for him fairly frequently. In this way he will learn to take his sleep when he needs it and when he gets a chance.

The long-distance runner, once his race is over, isn't ashamed of dropping to the ground. Similarly we should encourage our youngsters after they have worked hard to flop and relax, even in the most undignified positions. Don't laugh at them or urge them to sit up straight. They've earned a rest—let them enjoy it as they please. And you'd be wise to learn how to do this yourself. To a great extent children take their cues from their parents. If you are tense and on the go all the time your youngsters will likely acquire this habit from you.

In contrast to these people who never "unstring" themselves, there are others with excellent ability who never learn to work hard. They too miss a great deal. They never have the satisfaction of expending themselves fully and doing a job superlatively well. Often they cover up their disinclination to work by exaggerating their minor ailments. If we can find our child's real interests we can help him to learn to work hard and to enjoy doing so.

"I'll show the boy
who's boss around here!"



1. I'd just come home from my charity work, and it was upsetting to find such a scene. There was Bob, my good-natured husband, with the hairbrush all ready, while little Tommy insisted tearfully that he wouldn't take "that nasty stuff." "See what I mean?" said Bob. "Well, he'll take his laxative or I'll know the reason why!"



2. "Maybe," I said, "our whole trouble is that we don't know the reason why... and we ought to find out. I'll phone my sister Gwen and see what she has to say. With four children of her own, she'll probably know."



3. Gwen's explanation seemed sensible to me. "It's wrong," she said, "to force bad-tasting medicine on a child. Why not do what my doctor suggested years ago? Get Castoria. It has a pleasant taste, so there's no need for forcing. Children like it."



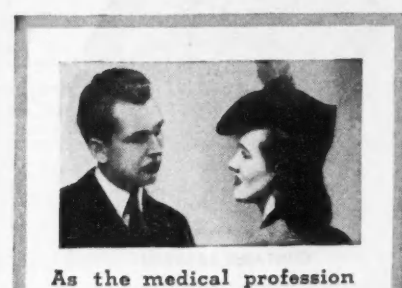
4. "And there's our answer, Bob," I explained. "Castoria is made especially for children. It's pleasant-tasting—and not harsh or upsetting as an adult laxative might be. It's mild and gentle, yet effective."



5. So Bob and I went shopping together. Our druggist praised Castoria, too. "I always advise it," he said, "for children from infancy up to 10 years. And I recommend that you get the money-saving Family Size bottle."



6. Well! You should have seen the difference when we got home. Tommy took his Castoria—and loved it! Bob grinned sheepishly and remarked "Guess there's no need for any boss in this house now that we've discovered Castoria!"



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

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By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.



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you've had this coming!"*



BABY: How does it feel to be me for a change, Mom? Give you any ideas about what a baby's skin needs?

MOM: Why, honey—what do you mean? I just this morning gave you a nice, gentle, soothing rubdown with Johnson's Baby Oil!

BABY: Great stuff, Mom—but that was then! Now I want a good dusting-off with Johnson's soft, smooth Baby Powder! Don't you know every baby needs 'em both?

MOM: I guess the doctor did say something about that! Pet—I'm

afraid your mother's been slipping up!

BABY: That's okay, Mom—as long as you've got it straight now. Sometimes, Johnson's Powder... other times, Johnson's Oil. That's treating a baby right!

MOM: My! Will you feel good... and smell good... and be good!



BABY: Ahhh... I can see me now. Smooth... comfortable... no chafes or prickles... everybody telling me how sweet I am... Daddy bringing home lots of War Stamps for my book!



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rubbers and tops. Partially seal screw top and spring top sealers, and completely seal vacuum types. Place jars at once on the rack in the water bath—not too close together! Cover the jars with boiling water an inch or two over the tops. Cover the canner and bring the water to boiling. Count processing (cooking) time from the moment the water actively boils, allowing 20 minutes for quarts. Remove jars at once and complete the seal on screw top and spring top sealers. Cool and store as for canned tomatoes.

Tomato-Apple Marmalade (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of tomatoes
- 2 Medium apples
- 1½ Cupfuls of brown sugar
- 1 Lemon, cut in thin slices
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Inches of stick cinnamon
- ¼ Teaspoonful of whole allspice

Peel, core and dice the tomatoes and apples. Place in a kettle with the sugar, lemon slices, salt, and the spices tied in a cheesecloth bag. Stir until the sugar is well blended and cook slowly until thick—about 45 minutes—stirring frequently. Remove spice bag and pour into hot sterilized jelly glasses. Seal. Makes three 6-oz. glasses.

Three-Fruit Chutney (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 16 Ripe tomatoes
- 3 Peaches
- 2 Large pears
- 2 Sweet red peppers
- 2 Medium onions
- 1¾ Cupfuls of vinegar
- 1¾ Cupfuls of brown sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful each of whole cloves and whole allspice
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of stick cinnamon, broken in pieces

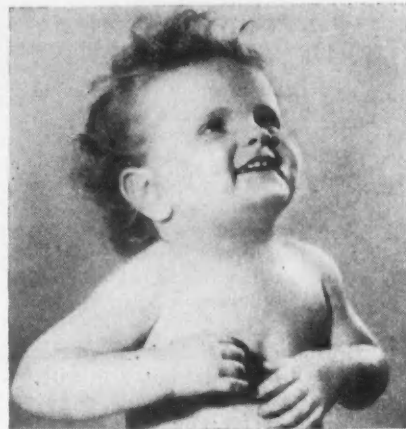
Dip tomatoes and peaches in boiling water for a few seconds, then in cold. Slip off skins. Peel the onions and peel and core the pears. Remove seeds and cores from the peppers. Chop the fruits and vegetables and place together in a large kettle. Add the sugar, vinegar, salt and the spices tied in a cheesecloth bag. Bring to a boil and cook slowly for 1½ to two hours or until thick. Stir frequently to prevent scorching. Remove the spices and pour into hot sterilized jars and seal.

Tomato Relish (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Cupfuls of peeled, crushed tomatoes
- ¼ Cupful of lemon juice
- Grated rind of one lemon
- 6½ Cupfuls (2¾ pounds) of sugar
- 1 Bottle of liquid pectin

Boil the crushed tomatoes for 10 minutes, uncovered, stirring occasionally. Add the lemon juice and grated rind. Measure sugar into a large kettle and add three cupfuls of the tomato mixture, filling the last cup with water if necessary. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over direct heat. Stir occasionally. Boil hard for two minutes. Remove the kettle from the fire and stir in the liquid pectin. Skim and pour quickly into hot sterilized jelly glasses. Seal. Makes about nine glasses.

If a spicy relish is desired add half teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Or Worcester-shire sauce to taste. ♦



"Meet Sheila Ellen —our Nutrim baby!"

You can see from this picture (taken at 16 months) just how Sheila Ellen thrived on Nutrim which she was fed from her first solid feedings on. In fact, Sheila Ellen's amazing vitality and health, plus her sunny smile, is the reason we've put her picture on every package of Nutrim.

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**BLUE JAY
FOR CORNS**

not invariably, training problems rather than dietary. As soon as auxiliary foods are prescribed, orange juice, gruel, etc., the infant should be fed by spoon or given the fluid from a cup. He is acquiring a skill and must learn how to adjust; therefore patience must be shown by the teacher. Time will ultimately be saved, even though the teaching process seems so tedious.

By two years of age the average child should have learned to sit at a low table and eat his meal without help and drink from a cup. If your child cannot perform this task at this age, either (a) he is very retarded and advice should be sought, or (b) the training program has been woefully mismanaged.

THIS STAGE of childhood lasts for about three or four years, from two years of age to five or six. During this period the child should be taught that eating is an enjoyable, pleasant, companionable activity. Too often the mealtime degenerates into a guerilla warfare, a tug-of-war, a circus or a court of justice, if not a protracted siege. There are a few simple rules for adults to follow in regulating children's mealtimes, which when mixed with common sense can produce a happy, efficient and satisfying mealtime routine. After all, during our three-score years and ten we devote five or six of them to eating (not all at one stretch, of course). Surely we can arrange for these years, at least, to be pleasant!

The first rule for the parent is to keep always in the forefront of her mind "a meal is an enjoyable experience." Immediately behind this thought she can envisage the biological rules, balanced diet, vitamins, iron, and so on, but these must never intrude either in her conversation or her admonitions. A child soon tires of eating "what is good for him."

In connection with a balanced diet, the mother should never confuse this ideal with a balanced meal. There is no such thing as a balanced meal, except when the waiter dexterously carries his tray through a crowded dining room. Any one meal may be unbalanced; but if in the course of time—a few days or a week—the diet includes the necessary ingredients, and the child eats them, the biological requirements are fulfilled.

And so the second rule is to arrange a varied menu. The most effective plan is to write out a week's menus. Whether one adheres rigidly to such a menu or not is immaterial. At least one cannot fall into the error of preparing the same food day after day with such a plan in mind. A child cannot be expected to eat all foods with the same relish, nor do we expect him to do so. He is entitled to his likes and dislikes, but the basis of his tastes should be determined by his own inner experiences and not dictated by a desire to circumvent the tastes or wishes of someone else. In other words, he should form his own conclusions on whether he likes spinach or not on its own merits, and not refuse or accept it because his mother either forces it upon him or refuses to serve it. After all, a child should be able to take spinach or leave it alone, in spite of a one-eyed sailor or the iron content.

By varying the menu the mother gives the child an opportunity of varying his experiences. If he refuses an article of food there should be no comment. No other food is substituted, of course. He just goes without. The next time this food is served he may feel like trying it. Again no comment is made, such as, "I

told you you would like it if you only tasted it, for goodness sake!" In this fashion the child builds up his dietary cultural patterns which will change from time to time and as he grows more mature will be a source of continuous gratification.

THE NEXT rule provides that the mealtime should never be used as a disciplinary device, such as, "You've been so naughty you will have to go to bed without supper," or "Because you did this you cannot have dessert for a week." There can be little enjoyment of an experience that is associated with the rack. For this reason it is always advisable for children of this age to eat separately from grownups. The high chair was not a sensible invention. It is too tempting to the average adult to criticize, nag, ignore, rebuff, flatter or stimulate a child at meals. If it is inconvenient to prepare the children's food earlier than the grown-up meal, a low table and chairs in the same room give them at least some relief from adult interference.

The rule concerning regular mealtimes applies equally during this period. A child should be warned some time before the meal is to begin, so that he may rearrange his own timetable of play, washing, and so on. He can then be called at the time the meal is ready. If he fails to appear, leave him alone. At the regular time for the ending of the meal, the food is removed and he has missed that meal. This saves a great deal of pre-prandial emotion. If no snacks are allowed between meals a child soon learns to fit his meals into his daily routine and misses a meal only if there are more important things to do.

Dawdling at mealtimes can be prevented by (a) removing the food at the end of the meal without comment (this is a most difficult task for a grownup to perform; we can hardly resist some remark or at least a glance) and (b) eliminating all coaxing, bribing or lecturing.

There are some children, many more than formerly, who because of physical circumstances cannot eat certain articles of diet without unpleasant consequences, children with allergies, so-called "colic" children, diabetic children. If the above plan is followed, the articles of diet are left out of the menu. The other members of the household need not conform to these restrictions, of course. Undue sympathy or commiseration should not be extended. Within the limits of their diet these children can still enjoy their mealtimes. In this case it is the preparation of the child's food which must be varied and this requires more ingenuity and effort than varying the menu.

A child growing up under these simple rules will develop into the kind of grownup who is everywhere popular at mealtimes. He will enjoy most things he eats, some much more than others. He will never make a parade of his gastronomic idiosyncrasies in order to gain prestige. He will try new dishes with expectancy but also with reservations. He will never eat too much in order to please someone else or too little because of social inhibitions. He will never use mealtimes as a device for social advancement, business favors, or to save time. He will look forward to some meals and some companions with delight and be philosophically bored with some of the dietary exigencies of modern civilization. Speed the day!



CARE FOR YOUR BABY YOURSELF

By MEREDITH MOULTON REDHEAD, Ph. B., Baby Counsellor of Heinz Home Institute



● Babies thrive on love! If your day is crowded, let someone else take over the responsibility of the home while you care for baby! Giving him his bath will afford you untold pleasure. By all means assume charge at mealtime, too. And in the selection of baby's foods, let quality be your guide. Heinz Baby Foods are made by a company famous 75 years for foods of outstanding flavour, uniformity and dependability.

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Training Your Child

BY DR. WILLIAM F. BLATZ

Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto.



EATING PROBLEMS

WHETHER one "eats to live" or "lives to eat" is a perennial problem for mothers of young children, most of whom incline to the former philosophy. Undoubtedly, the child must eat in order to survive, but unless we train him to enjoy his meal-time we are doing him a disservice. This aspect of child training is often overlooked by zealous mothers and nursemaids.

There are roughly three periods in the development of good eating habits: (a) infancy, (b) childhood, and (c) adulthood. The first two stages are preliminary to the last.

During the first stage, which extends roughly from birth to 18-24 months, the important aspects are the preparation of an adequate menu, the maintenance of regular periods of feeding, the prevention of dawdling and a satisfactory arrangement for weaning.

There are very few mothers who can carry on intelligently during this period without some assistance from a physician trained in paediatrics (the application of scientific principles to the physical well-being of the child). Breast milk is best for growth and development. The time will come when every mother of a young infant will be able to avail herself of paediatric assistance through the establishment of postnatal clinics. (Some readers will undoubtedly sniff at this point and talk about the "good old days when children just grew up without all this modern fiddle-faddle." Which brings to mind the matron who resented being told about child rearing and remarked, "I brung eight children into the world and buried six"!)

If the child is happy, contented, rests, well and cries occasionally, he is usually well fed. There is, of course, a gradual gain in weight. The mother is well advised to put the scales away and let her physician worry about the weight, gain or loss. A happy child is usually healthy whether gaining or standing still.

During this period the regularity of feeding times is very important. Although the mother should not make a fetish of the alarm clock, the maintenance of consistent feeding times saves a good deal of wasted emotion on both sides. If the mother keeps the baby on a fairly regular schedule she can more easily interpret his behavior between meals. Thus, an infant on a regular routine who is irritable and restless between meals is usually not hungry; some other factor is involved. A regular schedule saves time and energy, but it must not be so obtrusive that the whole household revolves around "baby's feeding time."

The actual duration of the feeding time should be well regulated. Some babies are slow and some fast "eaters." Some young infants tire easily so that they must rest in between "courses" (after all, so do adults) even though the courses are all the same. By observing the child the mother can determine how long it takes him to eat the required amount. The average varies with the individual child. Having decided upon this average, the feeding time should not be extended beyond this period, even though some of the food is still left. The child may not be hungry. Dawdling is a most exasperating habit (to the mother) and can easily be prevented.

Weaning difficulties are usually, if

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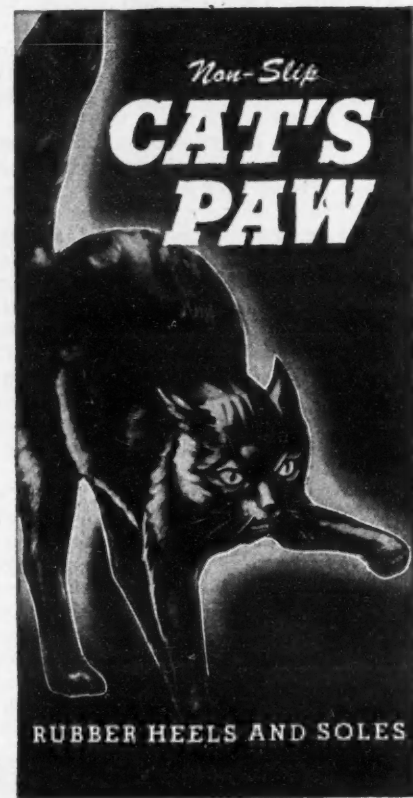
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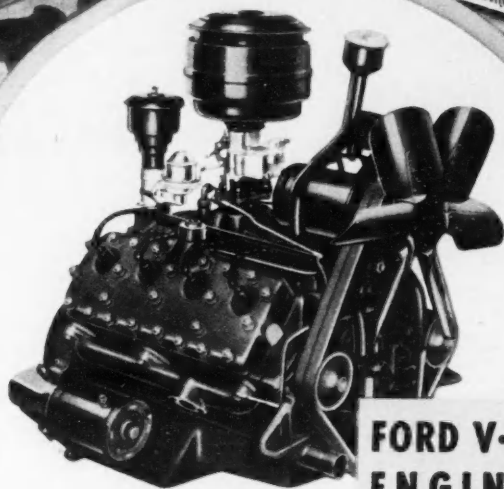
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"Come Up and See Us Some Time"

WHEN one is asked the same question by three different persons living in widely separated communities, and when that question has to do with the social habits of Canadians in general, one is inevitably led to the conclusion that here is a problem of some interesting significance.

In Saskatoon it happened this way. Four women were saying their good-bys after tea; two turned to the newcomer in their midst, a British bride, and said, "The next time you come to town, you must be sure to call us up." She murmured a proper thank-you, but it wasn't till we were walking down the street and safely out of hearing, that she turned to me with the question, "Do they mean it? I'd love to see them again, they're so charming, but I certainly wouldn't want to force myself on them."

In Vancouver an Englishman who had spent some time in California before coming north to settle remarked, "You know, it took me a little while to discover that when new American acquaintances asked me to come and see them, it was just another way of saying good-by. Several times (until I learned) I took them at their word and called on them, only to find that they were genuinely surprised. Is it the same in Canada? Or do people here mean it when they ask you to drop in any time?"

And the other day Chatelaine received a note from a British bride in a small town in the East begging for the same sort of social guidance. She had met several pleasant people at church and they had been kind enough to ask her to "run in" and see them when she had a free evening. "I gather it is not the custom in Canada to make definite engagements, but should I telephone them first? Or do they really mean it when they invite a stranger to call any time?"

Well (leave us face it), do we mean it? If we're honest, we'll probably admit that these indefinite invitations to call us up some time or drop in any time and often with the urgent rider, "Now be sure to, won't you?" have become part of our general social patter; as the Englishman discovered, they are another form of saying, "Good-by, and I'm glad to have met you." The kind intention is there; if we were to phrase our meaning with scrupulous exactness, it might run something like this: "I wouldn't mind seeing you again; you look like a nice person and I'd like to get to know you—but gradually; don't let's rush things; perhaps a year from now, if all goes well, I might ask you over for dinner."

Canadians and Americans understand perfectly the casual generalizations of social encounters, but it is bewildering to the newcomers from Britain, and understandably so. Over there an invitation always fixes time and place; and it is a serious obligation to both parties, a little like marriage—a contract not to be lightly entered into and never broken except by Act of God, or of Parliament. (And as I write these lines, I am reminded once again, with a sense of guilt and despair, that in London a certain ageing captain in His Majesty's Royal Navy is still waiting for me to let him know on what day, at what hour, I would be sufficiently disengaged to accompany him to the naval establishment at Greenwich, which I said, and in what enthusiastic terms, I would love to see.)

There is another peculiarly North American habit which makes our social life puzzling to the Britisher, and yet in some measure explains our casualness. We have our fun in our own particular "gang" or "crowd." The unwritten constitution of the gang provides that any member may drop in on any other member at any hour of the day or night; all members are equally acceptable, but in order to gain that status a newcomer must be prepared to serve an apprenticeship, to undergo a waiting period while his qualifications and social aptitudes are studied by the elect. It is almost the same as the British club system, which many of us are convinced is an awful form of snobbery.

These observations apply to urban or small-town life only (and there are plenty of reassuring exceptions, of course); out in the rural districts and in the northern communities there is still the rugged pioneer tradition of simple, open-handed hospitality, and spontaneous delight in meeting up with a well-mannered newcomer. When the people there say, "Drop in any time you're passing," they mean it. But in our cities we have preserved the hearty form of invitation while losing the spirit of it. It's misleading to the stranger, and it's too bad for us, as well.

Mary-ETTA Macpherson

VOL. 17, No. 8

Chatelaine

AUGUST, 1944

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Printed and published by
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN
Founder and ChairmanHORACE T. HUNTER
PresidentFLOYD S. CHALMERS
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EUROPEAN OFFICE: The MacLean Company of Great Britain Limited, 57 Goldsmith Ave., Acton, London, W3, England. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, Piccy, London — YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—in Canada \$1.00; Canadian points served by air mail only, \$1.50; all other parts of the British Empire \$1.50 per year. United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$2.00 per year; all other countries \$3.00 per year. Single copies 10. Copyright, 1944, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in the United States Patent Office.

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Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted.

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